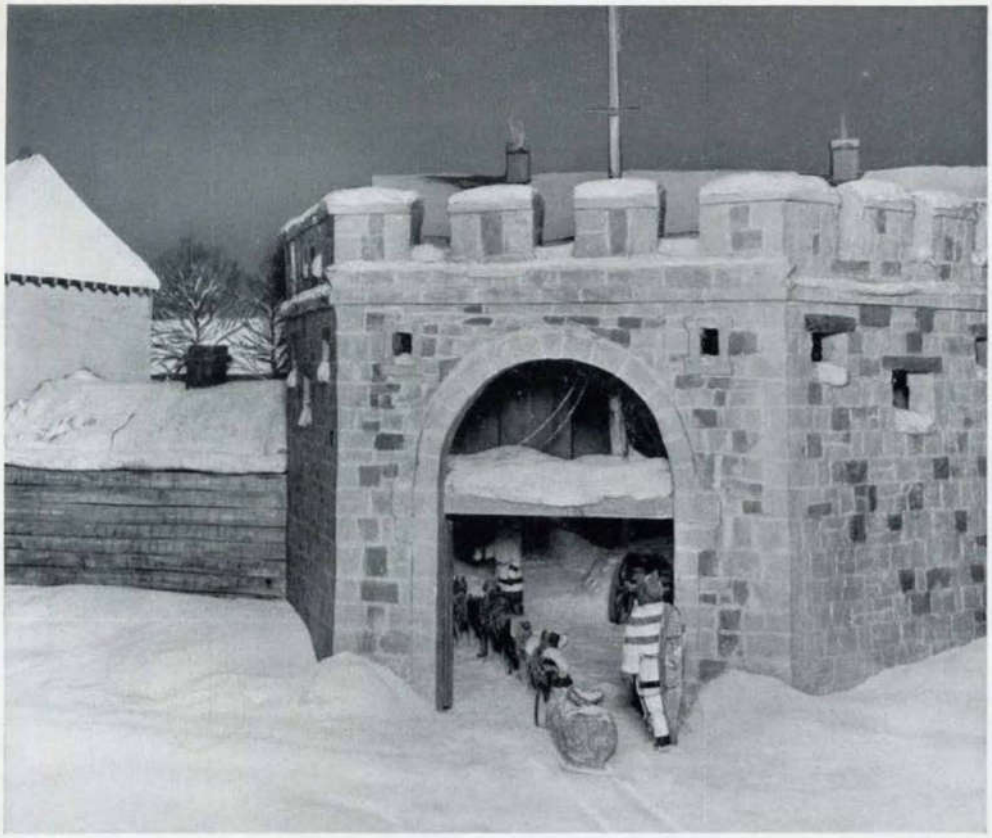
The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY Hudson's Bay Company. OUTFIT 278 DEC. 1947



The Christmas packet arrives at Fort Garry from York Factory. A diorama in the H B C museum by H. Brainard Wright.

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

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FUR TRADERS' INN

The "George & Vulture," made famous by Mr. Pickwick, was a favourite hotel for Hudson's Bay men when they visited London in Dickens' day.

by Margaret Arnett MacLeod

Mr. Pickwick and his friends returned to London; and the former gentleman, attended of course by Sam, straightway repaired to his old quarters at the George and Vulture.—Pickwick Papers.

THOUGH it is difficult to locate, you may find Dickens' famous *George and Vulture* in the city of London by either of its two addresses, according to the direction from which you approach it: George Yard off Lombard Street, or St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill. There stands the ancient inn, seemingly little more than doorways although it extends up for four stories. It is hemmed in closely by lofty business buildings and surrounded by lanes: Castle Court, Bengal Court, then George Yard and St. Michael's Alley on to which it opens. Standing in St. Michael's Alley you can almost touch with outstretched arms the tall buildings facing each other.

As the modern sign, "Olde Pickwickian Hostelrie," high up above the window of the fourth story indicates, the *George and Vulture* commemorates the novelist Charles Dickens' renowned character, Mr. Pickwick. Dickens himself patronized the hostelry and interesting mementoes of this connection are preserved there. It was at the *George and Vulture* that *Pickwick Papers*, published in 1837, portrays Pickwick, attended by his servant, Sam Weller, as he took up his quarters there during the legal proceedings in the celebrated breach-of-promise action, Bardell *vs.* Pickwick, and during later incidents.

When Dickens came to know the *George and Vulture* it had long been the resort of men prominent in Arts and Letters, in business and in the professions. Its history has been traced to 1175 A.D. Taverns in early centuries were the gentlemen's clubs of today. The poet Chaucer no doubt knew this inn well, as his father was a licensed victualler nearby. It is known that Addison, Steele, Daniel Defoe, Jonathan Swift and his associates during the great fraud of the South Sea Bubble, turbulent John Wilkes and his "Hell Fire Club," Richard Estcourt, the Drury Lane comedian with his "Beefsteak Club," Tarleton, the Elizabethan comedian, a member of Will Shakespeare's own company of players, all frequented the *George and Vulture* in their time. None, however, left any account of life there. One trivial comment alone survives. The satirical poet of the fifteenth century, John Skelton, poet laureate to Henry VII, wrote:

> Intent on signs, the prying eye,
> The George & Vulture will descry,
> Let none the outward Vulture fear
> No Vulture host inhabits here.
> If too well used you deem ye then
> Take your revenge and come agen.[1]

1. It is claimed by some writers that these verses were written in the 18th century about a rural *George & Vulture* at Tottenham, and that the present inn does not go back beyond the Great Fire of 1666.

2. It was advertised on a hand bill as "Made and sold in St. Michael's Alley, in Cornhill, by Pasqua Rosee, at the sign of his own head."—Ed.

In the early 1650's the tavern, in common with others generally, had fallen upon bad times, having been taxed almost out of existence by Cromwell. In 1652, however, a happy circumstance brought it a return of prosperity. The *George and Vulture* introduced coffee to the London public through a Mr. Edwards, a Turkey merchant whose Ragusan servant, Pasqua Rosee, prepared it for him there every morning. Its wafted fragrance proved so attractive that Mr. Edwards was soon induced to put it on sale, when it quickly became popular both as a beverage and as a supposed cure for many ills.[2]

It was only after 1837 that the old tavern gained world fame through the magic fabrications of Charles Dickens' fertile brain—through those non-existent persons whom he created by the wizardry of his words. Now, however, a glimpse of actual life and real people there, in Dickens' period, has come to light. Interestingly, this gives the inn a new association, though it reveals a very old one; and more strangely still, it

The entrance to the "George & Vulture." As the lantern dates from 1830, it was probably one that illuminated the gay scene of 1840. **(See p. 6.)**

Mr. and Mrs. Winkle call on Mr. Pickwick at the "George & Vulture" to acquaint him of their marriage.

links it with the Hudson's Bay Company and the Canadian North. For Dickens' admirers, this should add to his picture of the *George and Vulture*, for unlike his descriptions of many other inns, that of Mr. Pickwick's favourite city headquarters was scant.

Dickens could see only London at the old inn; he missed entirely a colourful aspect of its life in the comings and goings of officers of the fur trade from Rupert's Land. Nor did he see outside, in the paving-stones of the streets, what had been the ballast of their priceless fur cargoes. The *George and Vulture* and the Hudson's Bay Company occupied neighbouring premises, and no doubt from its first days the Company had associations with the inn, which had recently been rebuilt after the great fire of 1666. The first Grand Journal records that on February 21, 1677, fifteen shillings was paid out of the "Petty expences Acct." for a "Reckoning at the George and Vulture"; another reckoning for one pound was paid at "the Vulture" on November 17 that year; and at a committee meeting on December 23, 1681, it was ordered that Richard Cradock, one of the members, be reimbursed for eighteen shillings he had paid at the tavern. The contacts of the two concerns, however, were for the most part of such a nature as to find little place in the Company's books.

In the 19th century the inn was much patronized by the Company's officers while on furlough in London, since it was practically just around the corner from Hudson's Bay House on Fenchurch Street. Letters from officers staying at the *George and Vulture* have been preserved, but it is the letters of Letitia Hargrave, written in 1840, which give the most intimate picture of life at the old inn. Letitia was a well educated young lady, belonging to a family of position in Scotland, who had recently been married to James Hargrave, officer in charge of York Factory from 1834* to 1851.

The connection of the officers with the inn reflected the life of the period and it was usually highly creditable to them. True, one officer who had been retired for unsuitable conduct in Rupert's Land in the 1830's came to the *George and Vulture* and ran off to Ireland with the barmaid. But this was an isolated happening.

James Hargrave arrived at the inn in 1837, and wrote to friends on the morning after he had accepted an invitation to dine with them:

"I regret extremely that in consequence of dissipating a little too much last night I find myself so much indisposed this morning as to deprive me of the pleasure I anticipated in dining with you today."

However, Hargrave was, as his wife commented after their marriage in 1840, a man who did not drink to excess. In the present instance, on arrival at the inn, he had found there two brothers who were friends and fellow-officers from Rupert's Land, and they had evidently celebrated the reunion. Hargrave wrote:

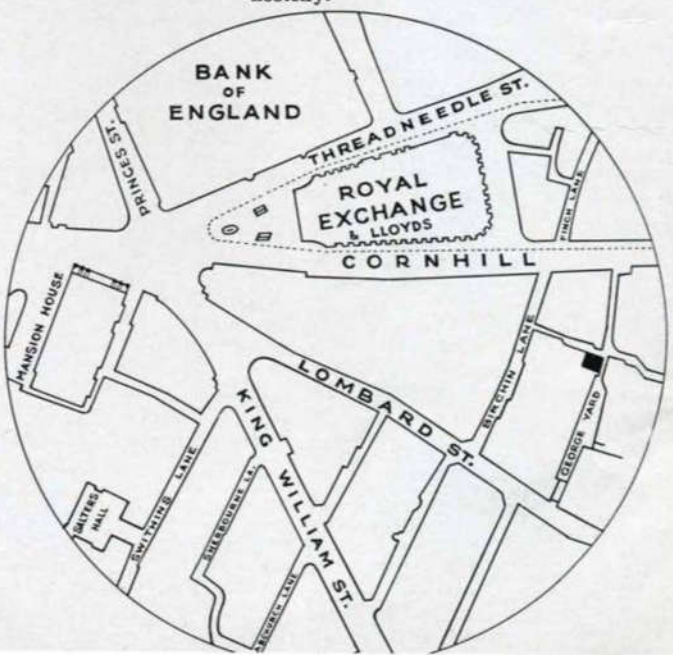
"I found that Messrs Duncan and Nicol Finlayson had both reached this about a week before me and had taken lodgings at this Hotel. We accordingly met the first hour I was in London and I assure you we saw the bottom of some bottles of wine on the happy occasion. . . ."

This was Hargrave's first visit to London since his promotion in 1833 to a chief-tradership in the Hudson's Bay Company. His letter continues:

"The next day Governor Simpson called on me & taking me to the Hudson's Bay House introduced me to the Secretary & some other Gentlemen by whom I was welcomed in the kindest manner.

"You will expect that I should write you a long story about all that is wonderful to me here, but my time has yet been too short to allow of my having seen much. I am in the very centre of the most crowded part & have not extended my walks yet beyond five or six streets, but I hope soon to be through most of them between this and the west end as I find that from having studied closely the map of London while in the North [at York Factory] I find my way easily among the principal streets. This Quarter is filled with the most splendid and richest shops, I believe, in the world,—the Houses are about three stories high usually built of brick, and the streets rather narrow but the best order and regularity is preserved. The Young Queen purposes coming into the City on the 9th [November] two days hence to dine with the City Magistrates and nothing is now talked of except about her reception. Illuminations, fireworks, & processions are the universal topic. She is a 'bonnie sweet sonsie lassie' to speak in our own tongue & well deserves, I believe, all the attention they purpose paying her.

The black square shows the location of the famous old hostelry.



*In the Champlain Society's *Letters of Letitia Hargrave*, this date has erroneously been given as 1833.—M.A.M.

Chief Factor James Hargrave. From a painting owned by Mrs. Schofield of Trail, B.C.

"My health has been excellent & I every day make a dinner on some of the best London Beef Steaks which are the finest I believe in the world. You may imagine how I astonish the waiters by my voracity."

In December Hargrave departed for Scotland and there met Letitia Mactavish, to whom he later became engaged. Letters[3] to her and to her father, Sheriff Dugald Mactavish of Kilchrist House, Campbeltown, Argyllshire, in which Hargrave made his proposal of marriage, were written at the *George and Vulture* in February, 1838.

A fellow-officer, on furlough in London in 1839, wrote to Hargrave at York Factory that he was occupying the room Hargrave had had at the *George and Vulture* the previous year: "at least the chambermaid says so," he added. Hargrave was back at the inn later that year on his way to Scotland for his marriage to Letitia Mactavish, which took place in January, 1840. When Governor George Simpson, therefore, sent the newly married pair his congratulations it was only natural, considering the long connection between the Company and the *George and Vulture* and the fact that the inn was near Hudson's Bay House, that he should suggest it as a convenient place for them to stay when they came up to London on their way to their home at York Factory.

Pursuing the subject of the Hargraves' plans, he wrote again on March 20:

"I am still suffering very much from the complaint in my eyes . . . and a change of air being recommended to us, we leave Town next week with the intention of taking up our residence at Gravesend for a time. . . .

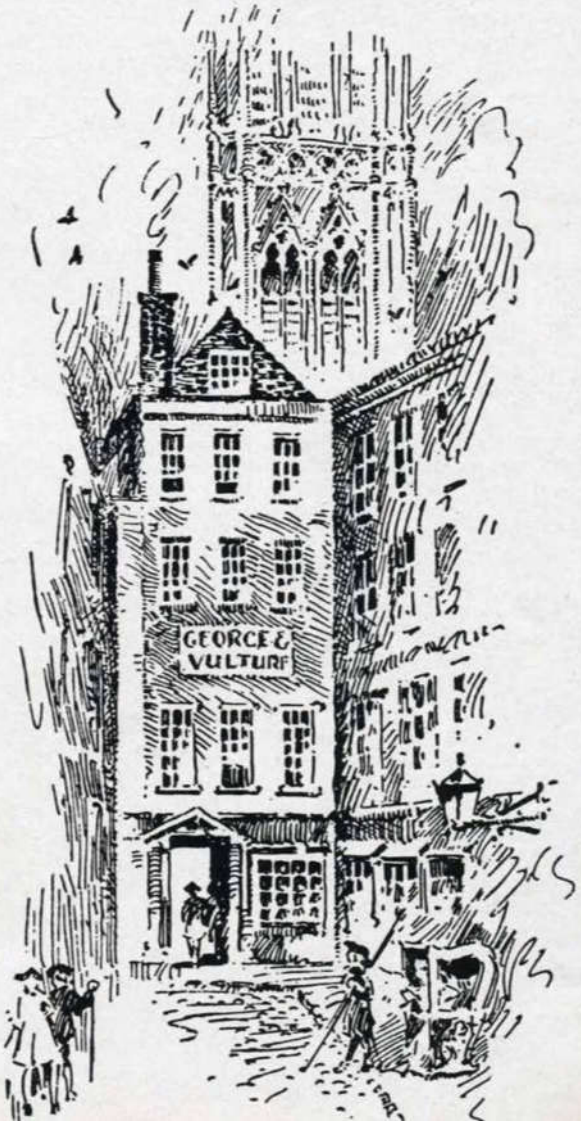
3. These letters are to be found in *Letters of Letitia Hargrave*, edited by Mrs. MacLeod and published by the Champlain Society, Toronto, 1947. Others are in the Hargrave MSS. owned by the Society.

As our present rather unhealthy condition is principally ascribed to close confinement in the City, I have parted with my house in Trinity Square. . . .

"As we are removing from Trinity Square I shall not take quarters for you there, or in America Square, until I hear from you, and for the first ten days or a Fortnight, I think you would be as cheap and comfortably settled at the 'George & Vulture' as at a private lodging. Cameron and his Niece were there, and very comfortably quartered—after the first ten days or a Fortnight it might suit you, to take Lodgings close to ourselves at Gravesend, when the wives could spend the days together, while you and I visited Town by the Steam Boat, as I mean to attend to business closely, leaving my wife at 8 o'clock in the morning, and returning home to a 6 o'clock dinner. [John] Stuart is at the George & Vulture and looking nearly as well as he usually did. . . . I think you will be all very snug and comfortable—I shall be anxious to see you in Town as early as convenient, but let not that hurry you one moment. . . ."

It was no doubt with his usual keen eye to business, and to Hargrave's attention to it—in addition, one might say charitably, to the pleasure of all concerned

A sketch of the inn from George Yard showing St. Michael's Church beyond. From a water colour of 1803, presented to Sterling Offices by Bransby Williams. (The costumes depicted here are of the 18th century.)



—that Governor Simpson suggested the above arrangements. Accordingly, since the governor's wish was law, Hargrave wrote the landlady at the *George and Vulture* the following letter:

"Kilchrist House—Campbeltown 1 Apl 1840
Mrs Wariner
George & Vulture London—
My dear Mrs Wariner

As I intend being in Town about the 1st of May accompanied by Mrs Hargrave—and purpose remaining at my excellent old residence the George & Vulture for a week or two—I would be much obliged if you could reserve for us at that date the parlour which Mr Christie & I occupied last Octr (I think it was No 17) as also the bedroom occupied by my friend Mr C.—or the other one between it & No 1—either of which if provided with a curtained bed—will suit us. We will not leave this place till about the 24th Inst previous to which I would feel obliged by your favouring me with a few lines acquainting me whether you will be able to meet my wishes.

I am My Dear Madam
Very sincerely Yours
J. Hargrave"

Hargrave also wrote to John Stuart, an old confrère who had retired and to whom Governor Simpson referred in his letter:

"I see you are at my old House the George & Vulture. I long exceedingly to have a Carouse with you there & to see my friend Mrs Warriner. All this in good time . . ."

The Hargraves therefore, conformably to the plans made, arrived at the *George and Vulture* on May 1st. At this time the public, through the novels of Charles Dickens, was seeing a new London, seeing it through his eyes, and a certain interest centred in the *George and Vulture* as one of his resorts. So it seems that in coming to this inn Letitia found it interesting on that account, if on no other, and her letters contain not only descriptions of sights which Dickens had made familiar, but also details of life at the inn.

The dining hall in the "George & Vulture" decorated for Sterling Offices' peace celebration lunch, 1919. This is possibly the room where Letitia saw "a most magnificent supper laid out for upwards of 100."

The day after their arrival Letitia reported on their journey and on the *George and Vulture* to her sister Mary (Polly) as follows:

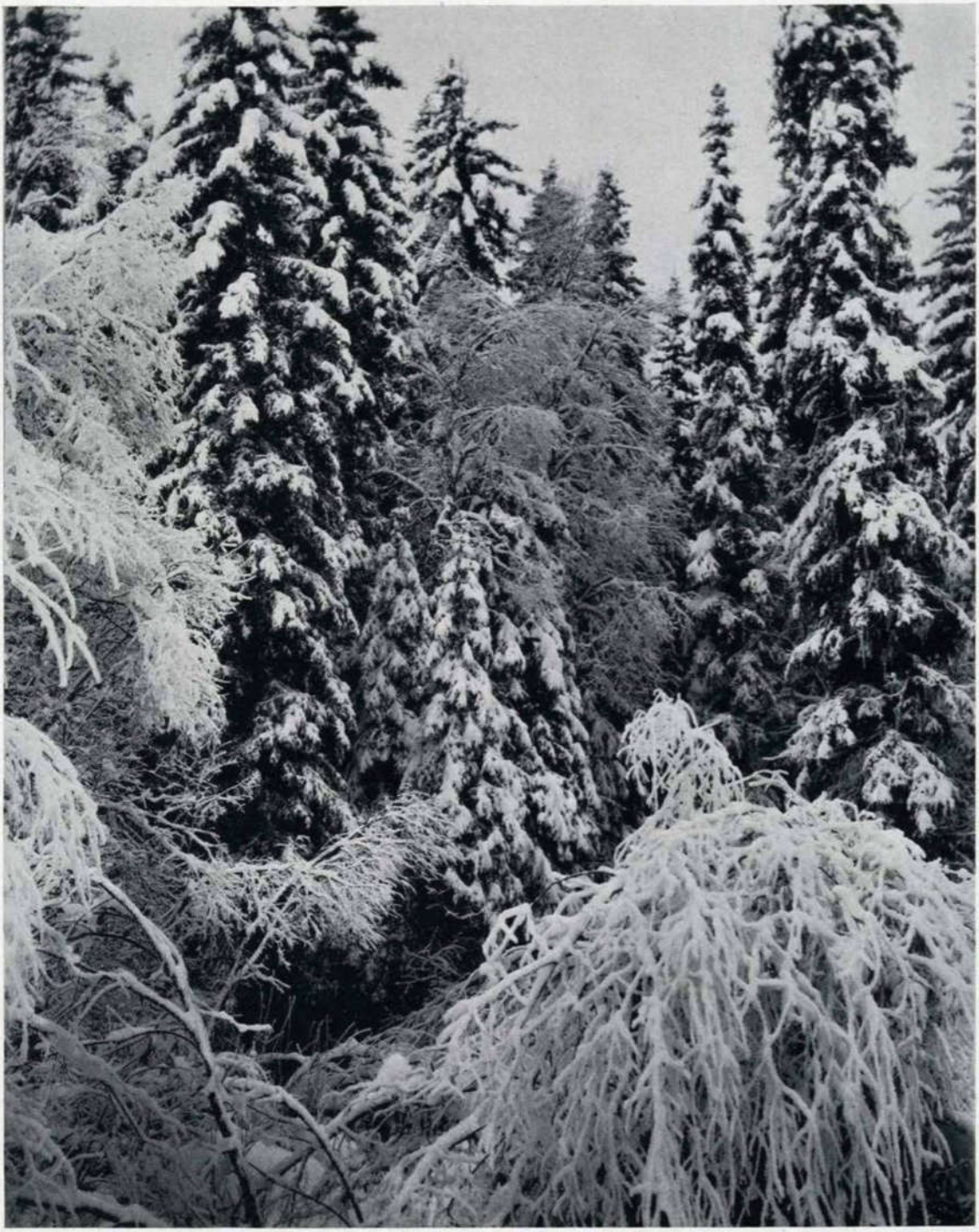
"We arrived here *viz George & Vulture* at 7 o'clock last eveng. after an agreeable drive thro' the streets in a coach. London is not so ugly as I expected. We left Liverpool station at ¼ past 8 A.M. and reached the London one [Euston Station, terminus of the London and North Western Railway] at ½ past 6 or nearly so. . . .

"It is so fearfully hot, but I must try & describe the Ge. & Vule. We drove for 3 miles from the station, passed St Pauls, Newgate & the Mansion house & shortly after the coach entered a sort of long narrow Court down from Lombart St. & there was the Ge. at the bottom of it a large black house. Hargrave *would* have his dinner tho' it was 8 before we were ready. While he was working with the luggage the landlady sailed into my room but as I thought she looked very patronizing & being wearied & rather cross I was stately too & *malgre* all my own exertions I could not help being repulsive & disagreeable so after a polite speech she retired. When Hargrave came up he mentioned that she had asked if I had ever been in town before & on hearing not, she said it might please me to see a little society & she & her sons wd. feel honored if I would *look* in on them for ½ an hour. I wd. not as I cd. not be bothered dressing for such a purpose when I was just at the fainting & I said I must run to my bed.

"Think of my rage & grief when a very nice looking woman who is upper servt. told me her mistress had sent her to inquire if I wd. like to see the table. On my going with her she took me 1st into a large room arranged for dancing & then showed me another with a most magnificent supper laid out for upwards of 100! ! ! I never saw anything like it & fear I never will again. I eat my dinner with a heavy heart & Hargrave sent me off to my bed, where I was scarcely deposited till the carriages arrived & I cannot tell yu. the number of times I was out & in.

"Only one could enter at a time & such a host as there were. I wd. not have been 2 minutes in my bed till midnight had I not been disgusted by several gentlemen arriving by themselves in a cab and as I cd. not distinguish between that conveyance & a coach I was exasperated at their imposing upon me as there was of course nothing remarkable about them save the extreme whiteness of their gloves. The Ladies were well worth the risk of catching a little cold. The flower wreaths in their hair & the grandeur of their gowns were displayed by the bright light of the lamps over the door and as each waited cooly in the court, bare neck arms & all till she arranged herself I had lots of time to admire. A coach always contained at least 2 ladies & 2 gentn. & occasionally 5 or 6 came out. On seeing a magnificent matron with plenty of silver in a blue turban & a gorgeous looking *pink* satin gown I had nearly lost all self command & rushed into the lobby for a nearer view. Altho' they danced & supped on the same flat with us they were so recherché that we were not at all disturbed & heard nothing but the music wch. being a good band was agreeable & hushed me to sleep. I have not recovered my sorrow at not knowing that it was not a private tea party—The fête was in honor of the marriage of her son & I much fear Boz wd. be there. . . ."

The second instalment of this article will appear in the Beaver *for March 1948.*



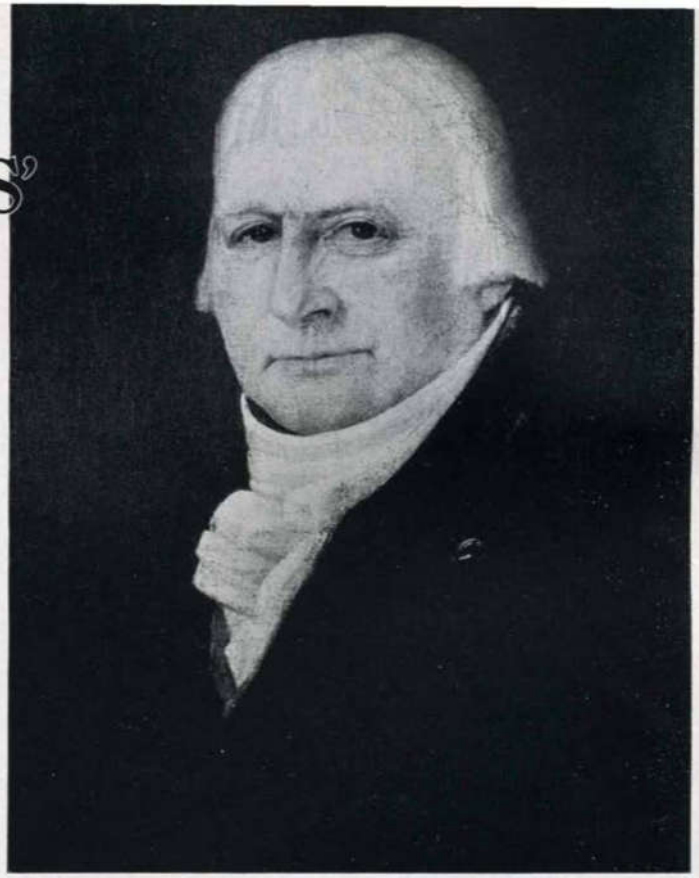
In the Deep Woods

W. F. Montgomery

NORTHWESTERS' QUARREL

by W. S. Wallace

One of the weaknesses of the North West Company was the discord between the real fur trader and the city office man. In these hitherto unpublished letters will be found an early manifestation of it.



Joseph Frobisher, a Yorkshireman, who was one of the first Montreal fur traders in the West after the fall of New France. McCord Museum.

THE two letters reproduced below throw the spotlight on a hitherto unknown quarrel that took place among the partners of the North West Company in the year of grace 1791. They are contained in a collection of North West Company letters recently acquired by the Hudson's Bay Company, and now in its London archives.

In order to understand the background of the letters, one must go back to the events in the North West fur-trade immediately prior to 1791. From 1783 to 1787 the newly formed North West Company had been compelled to face in the Northwest the competition of a rival group doing business under the name of Gregory, McLeod and Company. John Gregory, the head of the firm, was an Englishman who had been engaged in the fur-trade since 1773, when he had formed a partnership with James Finlay, one of the first English traders to reach the Saskatchewan. Finlay had retired from the fur-trade in 1783, and Gregory had then gone into partnership with a trader named Normand McLeod. It was into the counting-house of this firm that Sir Alexander Mackenzie entered as a clerk in 1779.

The rivalry between the North West Company and Gregory, McLeod and Company was acute. "After the severest struggle ever known in that part of the world," wrote Mackenzie later, "and suffering every oppression that a jealous and rival spirit could instigate; after the murder of one of our partners, the laming of another, and the narrow escape of one of our clerks, who received a bullet through his powder-horn in the execution of his duty, they were compelled to allow us a share of the trade."

The partner of Gregory, McLeod and Company who was murdered was John Ross, who had been facing Peter Pond in the Athabasca country, and who was shot down in a scuffle with Peter Pond's men in the winter of 1786-87. When news of the murder was brought down to Grand Portage in 1787, it was immediately decided to bring about a union of the rival organizations, lest Ross's death should lead to reprisals; and it was ultimately agreed that a union should take place, and that the partners of Gregory, McLeod and Company should have one fifth of the returns of the North West Company's trade.

Meanwhile events had been happening in another quarter. On April 14, 1787, there died in Montreal Benjamin Frobisher, the Yorkshireman who, with his two brothers, Joseph and Thomas, had been among the earliest pioneers of the fur-trade in the West. Simon McTavish, the shrewd Highland Scot who had been one of the original members of the North West Company, but had hitherto been only the head of one of half-a-dozen houses that had shares in the North West Company, saw his opportunity. He proposed to Joseph Frobisher that they should join forces; and in 1787 the firm of McTavish, Frobisher and Company was formed. When, shortly afterwards, Gregory, McLeod and Company were admitted to a fifth interest in the North West Company, Simon McTavish stepped almost overnight into a dominating position in the company. McTavish, Frobisher and Company became virtually the directorate of the North West Company; and Simon McTavish was its senior partner.

Hitherto Simon McTavish had frequently gone to Grand Portage in the summer to oversee the outfits, and to England in the winter to market the furs. But with the sudden growth of the "concern" a division of labour was indicated. In 1791 Simon McTavish decided that, for several reasons, he would go to England. Perhaps with the idea of bringing the late opposition whole-heartedly into the North West Company, he entrusted the "ordinary routine" of the business to John Gregory, who had been engaged in that sort of business for nearly twenty years. Joseph Frobisher, who was essentially a "winterer," and whose brother Benjamin had looked after the Montreal end of the Frobishers' business, he asked to supervise the hiring of the canoemen and the dispatch of the canoes from St. Anne's. James Hallowell, an accountant who was a partner in McTavish, Frobisher and Company, was to look after the financial end of things. The other partners who were not going out as winterers were evidently to assist in a general way in Montreal.

Hardly had Simon McTavish sailed for England when trouble broke out. John Gregory and James Hallowell, being business men, evidently saw eye to eye, and took charge of things, whereas Joseph Frobisher, who was Simon McTavish's partner, but was primarily a winterer, found himself left out in the cold. His letter to Simon McTavish makes it clear that his indignation at being thus side-tracked had reached a white heat; and only his deep friendship for McTavish prevented a breach. Nor did the trouble end there. Alexander Mackenzie, who had become a partner in Gregory, McLeod and Company, evidently found time hang so heavy on his hands that he decided to go to England to perfect himself in mathematics and surveying, with results that became apparent when he made his epoch-making journey to the Pacific in 1793; and Daniel Sutherland, another partner in the North West Company, found himself so much of a fifth wheel that he later joined the XY Company.

It says much for Simon McTavish's adroit management of men and affairs that the greater part of these difficulties were smoothed over. The differences between Joseph Frobisher and John Gregory were evidently soon reconciled; for John Gregory became in 1793 a partner in McTavish, Frobisher and Company; and while Joseph Frobisher retired amicably from the company in 1798, John Gregory retired only in 1806. James Hallowell retired in 1795, but only to make way for his son William, who continued in the firm until 1814. Mackenzie continued to be a partner in the North West Company until he parted company with Simon McTavish, under quite different circumstances, in 1799.

There are a few points in the letters that require elucidation or comment. It is clear from Gregory's letter that the opposition which was later to develop into the XY Company was already brewing. George Leith and John Richardson, mentioned by Gregory, represented two of the houses that were later to become backers of the XY or "New North West" Company. There are in the letters some interesting notes on the small naval establishment that the North West Company maintained on Lakes Huron and Superior. The *Beaver*, which had been built at Detroit and the *Athabaska*, built later at Pointe aux Pins on Lake Superior, were ships of from fifty to seventy tons burden. "Carrot tobacco" was not tobacco made from carrots, but tobacco put up in the shape of carrots. (See the *Beaver*, Mar. 1944.) But to annotate the letters fully would require a host of footnotes. Perhaps enough has been said to show what light the letters throw on an obscure period in the history of the fur-trade.

Simon McTavish occupied this house on St. Jean Baptiste street in Montreal from 1786 to 1804. E. Z. Massicotte.

*Joseph Frobisher to Simon McTavish**

Quebec, 24th Octor. 1791

My Dear Sir

Your very agreable favor dated oposite Green Island the 29th ulto., I was very happy to receive & I hope you had a long continuence of the westerly breeze & by this time I hope & flatter myself that you are safely arrived, all in good health & high spirits - I hope your young passenger was not too troublesome to you I have wrote to our friend Todd & Small & I am still in doubt whether I will write to Mr. Brickwood or not - You perhaps will be a good deal surprised to find that Mr. McKenzie as taken his passage & is gone home in the *Eweratta*, he has exprest his surprise, that the arrangement you made with Gregory was keept a secret from him, both him & Sutherland seems to be in the dumps about it, tho' they never hinted the least thing to me. - With respect to the orders & other particular business of the House I must refer you to Hallowell he vexed me very much in leaving Montreal - after making up the diferent parcels, he runs & gives them to Gregory, I thought this such a piece of impidence & forwardness, that I spoke to him in such a style as I never did before, his consequence has made him loose himself & from this moment I am fully determined that if either Gregory or him does not pay that attention which is due to me as the principle of the House I shall course my fate & the day that I allowed my name to be joined with theirs - I don't know what private correspondence you can have with Gregory, but I am told he has a letter from you which he has not showed me, which contains a great deal of matter about taking the management of the store upon himself &c. - You tell me in yours that I had better lett the common rottin of the business be done by him; that out door business hiring of men & public duty would employ my whole time - I have no objection only to the method of expression & the manner they understand it - your principles & mine are quite diferent from theirs, which I planly forsee will make them coincide & go hand in hand, along with their wives - After being in business upwards of 24 years I cannot, & will not be controuled by a tempary partners of yesterday - You now my disposition no person would be more attentive to them & consult them in every point, than me, if they will only consider me as their principle to advice with, when any thing is to be done - I will drop this subject, for I know its must be disagreeable to you, with this observation only could you reconcile yourself to such treatment or half as much - I would bear things from you that I would not for any man breathing, you know it, my purse as suffered for it, but I was silent. - I have just finished a letter to you regarding Mr. S. -

Inclosed you have a packet of letters from England which I return for your information & also a letter from William Grant which I opened. - I hope you have recommended to my brother Nathl. to put Ben to some good school & to spare no expence for his education I will write him in a day or two - I was very unneasy about the arrival of the *Harmony* however she luckily came safe in the harbour yesterday to the joy of few & disappointment of many, we certainly

*To assist the reader, the numerous capital letters have been omitted, except in accordance with modern usage.—Ed.

would have been in a horrid disagreeable situation if any accident had happened to her - The morning before she arrived I bought from James Todd & Blackwood blankets, strouds meltons & guns to the value of about £300 - at 50 p. cent. & a bill in November - Forsyth would now take them of our hands, but dont think prudent to do it till we can see what we can spare - We have lett General Christie have £1000 of Montour money at 6 p.Cent. - as this partly came from Doctor Jones & of course would have got to Montours ears had we refused I thought it was best to lett him have as probably he might have expected some further consideration from us - I hope you will not forget when your orders goes to the country to give an order upon Messrs. Samuel & John Waterhouse for the woolens in their way - I must also beg that if Strattan should apply to you for a little money now & then to the extent of 150£ altogether I wish you would advance him on my accot. - Any thing you want in his way I expect you will take. - I have a letter from Mrs. Frobisher last post, which begs me to give her affectionate compliments to you & to thank you for your care of Ben -

I dont recolect of any thing more I have to say but to wish you health peace & happiness & every thing else that your heart can wish for & believe with sincerity & real esteem

Dear Simon
Your affectionate friend
Josh. Frobisher

P.S.—I wish that you would send regularly the Courier de Londre which Mr. Brickwood used to send me & in the spring the continuation of French Revolution in that language -

John Gregory to Simon McTavish

Quebec 24 Octor. 1791

Dear Sir

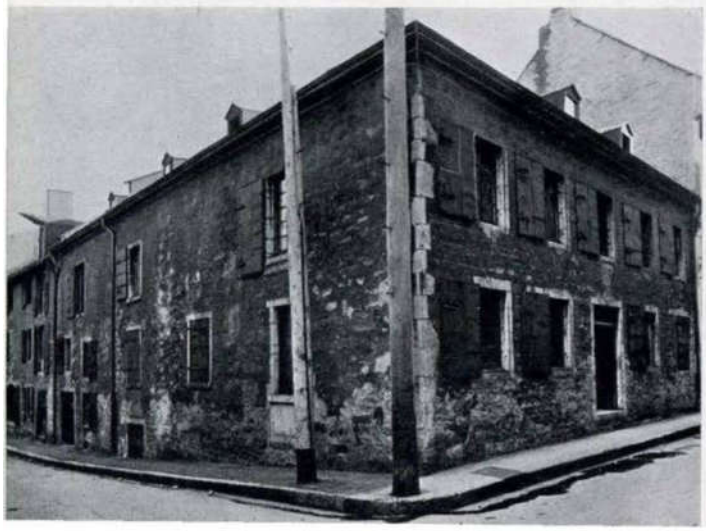
Your favours of the 19, 22 & 29 ulto. came safe to hand, by which I am happy to find you had such an appearance of a fair wind, & which I sincerely hope carried you safe out to sea, & that at the present you are arrived safe in London, & found things to your satisfaction, I do assure you the jealousy of almost all the people of Montreal, concerned in the Upper Country trade augments daily, Mr. John McGill makes it out that we are gaining yearly £3000 p. share, great threats against us, A. Todd as usual swears he will be in, Hein & Henry are to send into Nepigon the ensuing year, as they say to oppose Catte, I think it is not improbable but their intentions are from that to push on to our quarters, the Detroiters this last summer were talking about sending there, *Leith* was very much for it, but Mr. Richardson woud not back them, but as things are at present situated what he may do time only can discover, Young Howard & Mr. Oldham go home in the *Integrity*, & report says they are in partnership, if so I should not be in the least surprised if the former was to pay us a vissit at the (GP), Howsomever you will be able to form a good idea of their intentions from the maneuvres of the houses at home, you may rest fully assured that I shall be continually upon the lookout, & give you intelligence p. every opportunity of what is or appears to be going forward here,

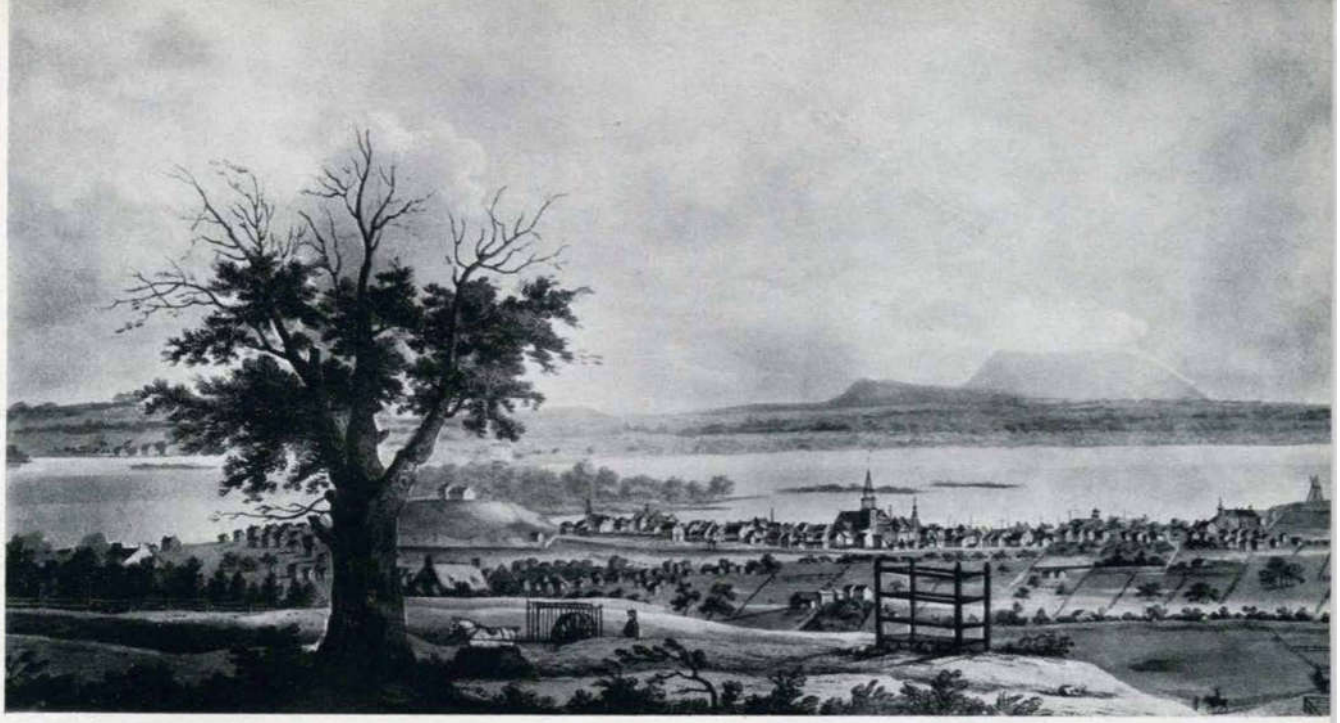
I with pleasure inform you that the *Harmony* arrived here yesterday afternoon, the season being so farr advanced, & the length of time she had saild before the others, made us no little uneasy as, there was not £1000 worth of Indian goods to be bought in Montreal or this place, she begins to unload to morrow, & I am in hopes they will still have time to get up, though we have already had very severe frosts & snow, the Captn. seems to think there will be some damage, p. the Novr. ships Mr. Frobisher will inform you what it is, as I propose leaving this the 28 inst., & upon my way up intend seeing the principal part of our old boat canoes [crews?], & try if I can get those back who have left us, nothing shall be wanted on my part to get every part of the business forward,

No doubt you will be much surprised to see Mr. Alexr. Mackenzie arrive, He found his time hang very heavy on him, having no opportunity of improving him self, he asked Mr. Frobisher & me if we woud consent to his taking this trip, to get himself fully instructed in mathematicks, the request being so laudable, we did not hessitate upon it but on these conditions that he is to be out in the spring, time enough to sett of with me, in his charge I have given a small trunk, containing such patterns as I coud procure, you will observe the pattn. of HB blue strouds is a very indifferent one, but the only one I coud get the barrs are too close, there ought to be two inches between the listing & the first barr, the same distance between the first & second barr, the barrs shoud be half an inch broad & a clear white, the listing is very well, we had a great deal of ours this year had three barrs besides the listing, they will not answer, they must be of a good deep blue, the red of the same quality of cloth, but a very bright colour as near to scarlet as possible, those that came out the last spring are of a nasty brick dust colour no better than common strouds, in course will not answer, the purpose intended,

I have not kept duplicates of the pattns. According to your desire as I coud wish you woud send us out a new sett, with the prices marked opposite each number, a duplicate thereof to be kept in London for without the prices we cannot regulate ourselves, Upon my return to Montreal I shall revise the orders, & shoud I think it necessary to make any augmentations to it for the ensuing fall I shall forward it to you p. the December Packet, In regard to the building a new vessel upon Lake Superior the *Athabaska* as yet is very good, I therefore think it will not be necessary to build a new one until the winter 1793, by which time

Joseph Frobisher bought this building at the corner of Vaudreuil and Ste. Thérèse streets in 1796. In 1815 it was a North West Co. storehouse. McCord Museum.





Montreal about 1807, engraved from a drawing by Richard Dillon. The large church is Notre Dame on Place d'Armes, where Dillon's celebrated coffee house was also situated. The fortified mound to the right of the tree was later levelled. Note the similarity between the vehicle pictured here and the Red River cart, which was developed by the Nor'westers about this time.
Chateau de Ramezay.

the wood that comes from Detroit will have time to season, I have explained my ideas fully to Drake, & have order'd Capt. Bennet who understands the business to be very explicit with him about the quantity, quality, & size of the timber that will be necessary,

Bennet tells me he cannot with propriety undertake to build her, not being adequate to the task nor does he think Nelson is they say the *Beaver* is like a tub on the water & keeps no wind, it will therefore be requisite that we have a person who fully understands it but of that we shall be able to determine next year was Nelson adequate to it I do not see how we coud with propriety employ him, for I am informed that at the Sault & on his way down he abused every one of the Company & gave it out we had used him very ill, I spoke to him upon the business but he denies any such thing,

You have enclosed a letter for Captn. Bennets brother, it incloses a bill for £30, the reason I inclose it to you is, that from the address you will know where to send for him, Bennet has wrote him to engage for us three or four apprentices, which in the space of two years will be able to do as much as men in our vessels, his his directed to apply to you if he gets them

When I left MaKina Geo. Young having but a few goods which were unassorted remaining was determined to come down to Montreal, & had retained a guide with six men for that purpose he proposed coming in a small canoe, & setting of as soon as he had been to Arbre Croche to make corn, which I should suppose woud be the latter end of Septemr., but by the post of the 20 inst. from Montreal there was no accot. of his arrival,

I shall attend to what you say about the notes of Charles Paterson & Chas. & Allan Paterson as likewise Gaultiers power of attorney I return you thanks for you present of the great coats, Mr. Sutherland's going down by the way of Detroit was a request of his own, as he informed me he had some private business to settle there, & as our business at the Portage was so far advanced, all the people except P. Grant & Lake La Plui canoes sett of, I had no great occasion for him at that time, I consented to his departure, in consequence of which I made one light canoe serve us to come down; though thickly stowed, the difficiency in the order for the carrot tobacco arises from the great overplus we have for the ensuing outfit, & from Mr. Spencers answer to your letters of the 13 June last, I think we may relye upon its keeping upon my return I shave it opened & inform you what I think of it, the only fault found with it this summer at the Portage was being too dry, the quality of the tobacco was good, that shipped by the new shippers was wrotten, & what Stansfield sent up very indifferent, so that Spencers was what I made use of, the others I apprehend next spring will be thrown away, If I find Spencers good I shall not have the leaf manufactured, but dispose of it as it is, I cannot say that I coud put a sufficient confidence in Levys manufacturing to risk it in land, Amongst the pattns. are two of Indian awles a size between the two is exactly what we want

You will observe I have ordered some trunk locks, they are for cassettes & I am not sure but the right name of them is cupboard locks, they must be good ones, as yet I have not had the honour of seeing His Exey. the Lt. Governor, being informed yesterday there was no levee, but after to morrow I intend in company with Mr. Frobisher to wait upon him. Mr. Hallowell has wrote you fully of the business of the House, you will see from the articles in the order $\frac{NW}{S}$ for next springs outfit, how essentially necessary it is for them to be out early, it is my opinion the whole of the orders sent home should be out in the spring ships, for should the fall ones meet with any accident we shall have no way of replacing them Mrs. G. joins in compts. I am Dear Sir

Yours Sincerely

Simon McTavish Esqr. John Gregory

Jolliet's statue by Suzor-Côté in front of the Provincial Legislative building at Quebec. Herménégilde Lavoie.

JOLLIET ON JAMES BAY

by J. A. Burgesse

LOUIS Jolliet, the first Canadian-born explorer, is justly famous as the co-discoverer of the Mississippi, but it is not generally known that he also made a trip to James Bay. This was nothing less than a military expedition to scout out the English positions with a view to their expulsion from the area by force of arms. It was eminently successful. Jolliet carried out his instructions with such skill and address that the Hudson's Bay people did not suspect his purpose and furnished him with all the information he required. Had his recommendations to the French Crown been acted on immediately the whole history of Canada might have been changed.

The arrival of the English at the "Bottome of the Bay" in 1668 had disturbed the French, who saw in it a direct threat to their fur trade, particularly to that of the Saguenay region which was being sorely tried by the ravages of the Iroquois. The northern Montagnais were being cut off by the invaders from contact with Tadoussac and turned north to the newly established post of Charles Fort.

Three expeditions had already set out to the Northern Sea from French Canada, but only two had managed to get through. These had been conducted by missionary priests. Their purpose was to persuade the Indians to come south to their old mission stations, and were in no sense offensive actions against the English.

In 1679, however, the Governor of New France, the Comte de Frontenac, incensed by the reports he had received of the activities at the Bay, commissioned Louis Jolliet to proceed into the King's Domain—as the Saguenay region was called—explore it as far as Hudson Bay, make contact with the Indians along the way and take notes. In other words the commission was to spy out the English position and wean the Indians away from them if possible.

Jolliet left Quebec on May 13, 1679, accompanied by his brother Zacharie, five white voyageurs and two Indians. The party proceeded down the St. Lawrence to Tadoussac and thence up the sombre Saguenay to Chicoutimi, where it was joined by Father Antoine Silvy and one other voyageur, both of whom had wintered in the Lake St. John region. Father Silvy had been directed by his superiors to accompany Jolliet as far as Lake Nemeska, on the Rupert River, and there found the mission of St. Francois Xavier.

The route followed by the party was that used by Father Albanel in 1674. It led up the Shipshaw and Manouan and crossed to the Peribonka, whence a chain of lakes led off to the west and Lakes Albanel and Mistassini, thence down the Marten and Rupert to the Bay. The distance covered was 343 leagues and involved 122 portages.

Lake Nemeska was reached on May 31, and what happened here is a matter of conjecture. Silvy does not seem to have accompanied Jolliet further but remained behind with some members of the party to establish his mission and then returned south. Only one canoe went on to Charles Fort but a party of eleven men must have required two, if not more. The records are silent about Father Silvy's movements until the following year, but Etienne Lessard, one of the members of the expedition, was back in Chicoutimi on July 22 and Jolliet, according to his own testimony, did not return to Quebec until late in October.

As for the party which did continue, we cannot do better than quote Jolliet's own description of his visit to Charles Fort:

"The Current carried us gently down before the fort," he wrote, "where, seeing no one about, We shot off a gun to bring somebody out, not wishing to surprise them by disembarking right away without being seen. We were answered, not from the fort, for there was no one [there], but from the other side of the River where three Englishmen were hunting and, as their boat was aground, the tide being low, they called to us in Indian to go and fetch them to the Fort, for they took us for strangers come down to trade. The River was very wide and we were too far away to be recognized as Frenchmen. We were going towards them and they were coming towards us across the flats when the first, who was about three hundred paces ahead of the others, saw that we were not their people. He did not hesitate to retrace his steps and rejoin the others and the more I told him to come on and have no fear the

more he hurried. Seeing all three halted to look at us, We disembarked and I spoke to them in French. He who understood it a little answered, asked who we were. Having called to him that I was French and that my name was Jolliet, They came to us. The first embarked with us and the two others got into the Canoe of an Indian . . . who had joined us during this Dialogue. . . .

"Seeing that he did not understand French, I spoke to him in Latin. He told me that he knew it better than our tongue.[1] Thus we had no trouble in making our thoughts known one to the other. He showed me the peninsula, three or four leagues off shore, where was their Governor with a Ship[2] of Twelve pieces of Cannon and two small barques. They took us to the fort and received us very well, giving Us to Eat all of the best of what remained to them, For the vessel[3] had not yet arrived from London in which is sent out every year what is necessary for their supplies.

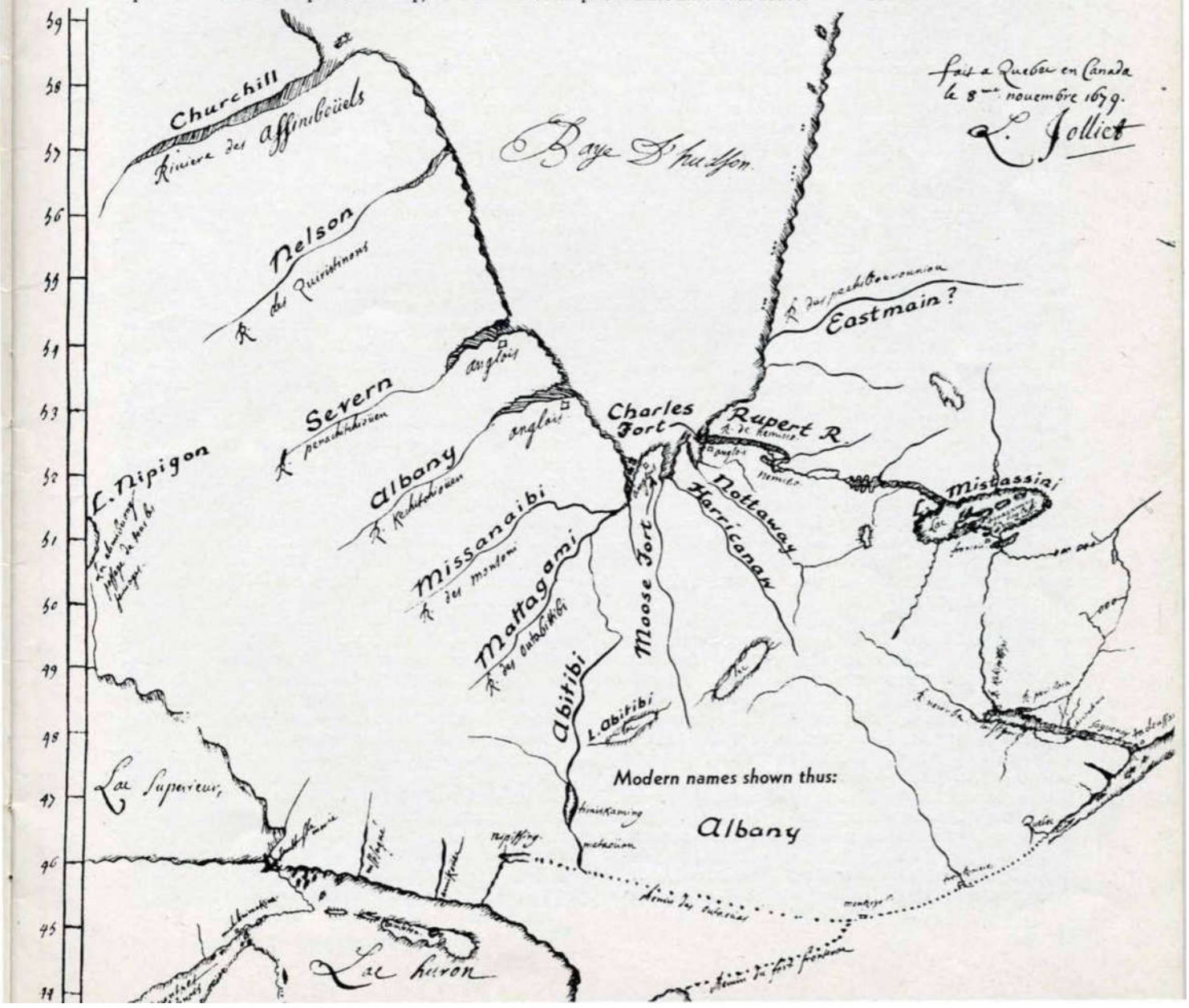
"My design was to leave next day without waiting for the Governor, but they made so much insistence to stay that I resolved to remain. As soon as it was day an Indian Canoe left to warn him and I sent him a letter which contained the following:

'Sir,

'Having been employed by Monseigneur le Comte de Frontenac, Governor of all Canada, to visit the Nations and lands of the King's domain in this country, I came down as far as lake Neminsco to return by the three Rivers. Being at this lake and having no more victuals and finding nothing to kill, reflecting furthermore that several Frenchmen had returned from your place these last few years with all sorts of Praise for the good reception you gave them, I thought that you would not be less favourable to me than to them and that, on paying you, you would give me a little Biscuit and liquor to facilitate my return. Your people give me hope that you will come Here. I shall leave tomorrow only. If I am fortunate enough to see you I shall be very pleased to pay my respects to you and assure you that I am (etc).'

1 This recalls the fact that at the surrender of Quebec to the Kirkes fifty years before, negotiations were carried on in Latin.—Ed.
2 The *Prince Rupert*. See H.B.R.S. Vol. VIII p. xx
3 The *John and Alexander*.

Part of Jolliet's map, drawn at Quebec after his return from the James Bay trip. The legend in the upper right hand corner is reproduced from another part of the map, not shown. Modern place names have been added. Public Archives of Canada.



"He had No sooner received my letter than he embarked in a barque of 15 tons with 15 men. The wind falling when he was half way over he got into a boat, accompanied by five sailors. I went alone to meet him, half a league along the shore. I saluted him from afar. A sand bar prevented him from disembarking opposite me. He passed me saying '*Monsr, je suis a vous.*' Fifty paces further on he managed to land and came towards me alone. Meanwhile four of his people were seated in the boat and one was ashore, holding a gun in his hand. The Salutations on both sides were civil and gave proof of goodwill. His first words were 'Welcome, Sir. You are here in peace and have nothing to fear. You may stay as long as you please and when you wish to leave I shall aid you with all I can for your journey. I have long heard tell of you and am delighted to have the opportunity of receiving you and hearing you tell of that great discovery you made down Mexico Way on the River which the Savages call Mississippi.' The English make much of Discoverers, and taking me by the hand, 'Come,' he said, 'since you have no intent to Annoy Us you have no cause to fear that any harm will be done you.' He made a sign to his people to continue on their way and for our part, we skirted the shore to the fort where I received all the honesty and Civilities that could be given anyone. He was very glad to get News of France and London. It was a year since his vessel had gone. He was expecting it from day to day and it was even somewhat overdue. He feared that it had been held up by ice in the strait. All the rest of the day was spent in talking of all sorts of things and he told me That they had a Ship of twelve pieces of Cannon to guard the Coast, which was to be seen at Anchor at a point off shore; that he had lost a 40-ton barque in the spring from the ice which, coming down from the inlands, had crushed the vessel; that he had another of the same size and another of 15 tons with three boats; that all these vessels were to go trading to all the Rivers in the bay where the savages bring their Beaver; that they had three forts each some distance one from the other; and that they were preparing to work on a fourth this spring,[4] ever pushing further and further towards the West at the mouths of Rivers which come from close by Lake Superior where are the Nations who are accustomed to trade with us; and that they were, in all, sixty men.

"With Regard to Beaver, he confirmed what I had learned from the savages; that he gets as much as he wants, especially since he advanced to these other rivers a year ago. He added that there was even something better which would make This establishment more important in the future, without explaining what this might be.

"He asked me if I would join him and offered me ten thousand francs down and a thousand livres a year for this. I thanked him, saying that I was a born subject of the King of France and would be proud to serve him faithfully all my life. It was to found an establishment amongst the Assinibouels [Assiniboines], and explore beyond in the country of those Nations whom Monseigneur le Comte has induced to come down to us in the past four years. This year he sent them a present to attract them to him and open trade with Them. Their country is the only place for fine Beaver, and other small peltries. There is no doubt that if they are left in this Bay they will render themselves Masters of all the trade of Canada inside six years. Some of those [Indians] who used to come to Montreal have been there this year and are to return this spring. These are the Timiscamings and the Rodin band. Everybody knows that the Outaouacs [Ottawas] do not hunt Beaver but go and get them from the Nations of the Baye des Puants, [Green Bay] or those around Lake Superior and, consequently, it is likely that the latter, seeing themselves very close to well-established and well-stocked Englishmen, will keep their peltries—as several have Already begun to do.

"Whenever it shall please His Majesty to wish to expel the English from this Bay in order to be Master of all the country and the Beaver trade, it will be Easy to provide the means and put them into Execution. The forts at present have but the name of Fort. They are small squares of pickets which enclose their houses. They build to resist the cold and not the arms of those who might attack from the land, against which they are not at all on their guard, believing that they have only to fortify the Seaward Side by keeping in the Bay a Ship and several 30 and 40 ton barques capable of returning to London. But it will be easy, when it shall please His Majesty to order it, to prevent them establishing themselves further, without driving them out or breaking with them.

"After having been two days with him, and having learned all I wished to know, I re-embarked in my Canoe, having for victuals a sack of Biscuit and a sack of flour which he gave me along with a thousand excuses for being unable to give me anything else, and I set off again on my Way to Quebec where I arrived on 25th October 1679.

L. Jolliet"[5]

This curious relation contains a number of interesting subjects for conjecture. Who, for instance, was this scholarly Hudson's Bay trader who had a smattering of French and who could converse fluently in Latin? And what was such a man doing at Charles Fort of all places? From what we know of those who were with Bayly, for he it was who was Governor at this time, most of them appear to have been mariners or labouring men and it is doubtful if any of them would have had a classical schooling. The only possible exception, we feel, might have been John Raynor, the surgeon whose quarrel with Governor Bayly is mentioned in Nixon's report of 1682. As for Jolliet, Latin must have been as familiar to him as his native French for he had been well schooled at the Quebec Seminary and had even considered entering the priesthood.

It is strange that Bayly, who had considered Father Albanel a dangerous interloper and had shipped him off to London as a captive, should have been so easily hoodwinked by Jolliet's story of running short of provisions. The Governor seems not to have suspected that there could have been any other reason for the visit. As Jolliet remarked "The English make much of Discoverers" and Bayly was probably overwhelmed by the unexpected honour of receiving so famous an explorer and so cultured a gentleman. Yet he only hinted at something which would add to the importance of Rupert's House and was cautious enough not to let on what this something could be. Bayly was referring probably to the building of the Charlton Depot.

When Jolliet mentioned the several Frenchmen who had lately returned from the Bay, could he have had in mind Prevost and Leclerc who were taken to London in 1677? Eustache Prevost, at least, seems to have been back in Canada before Jolliet left Quebec and there is no record of any other visitors from New France.

4 The four forts were Charles, Moose, Chichewan (Albany), and New Severn.

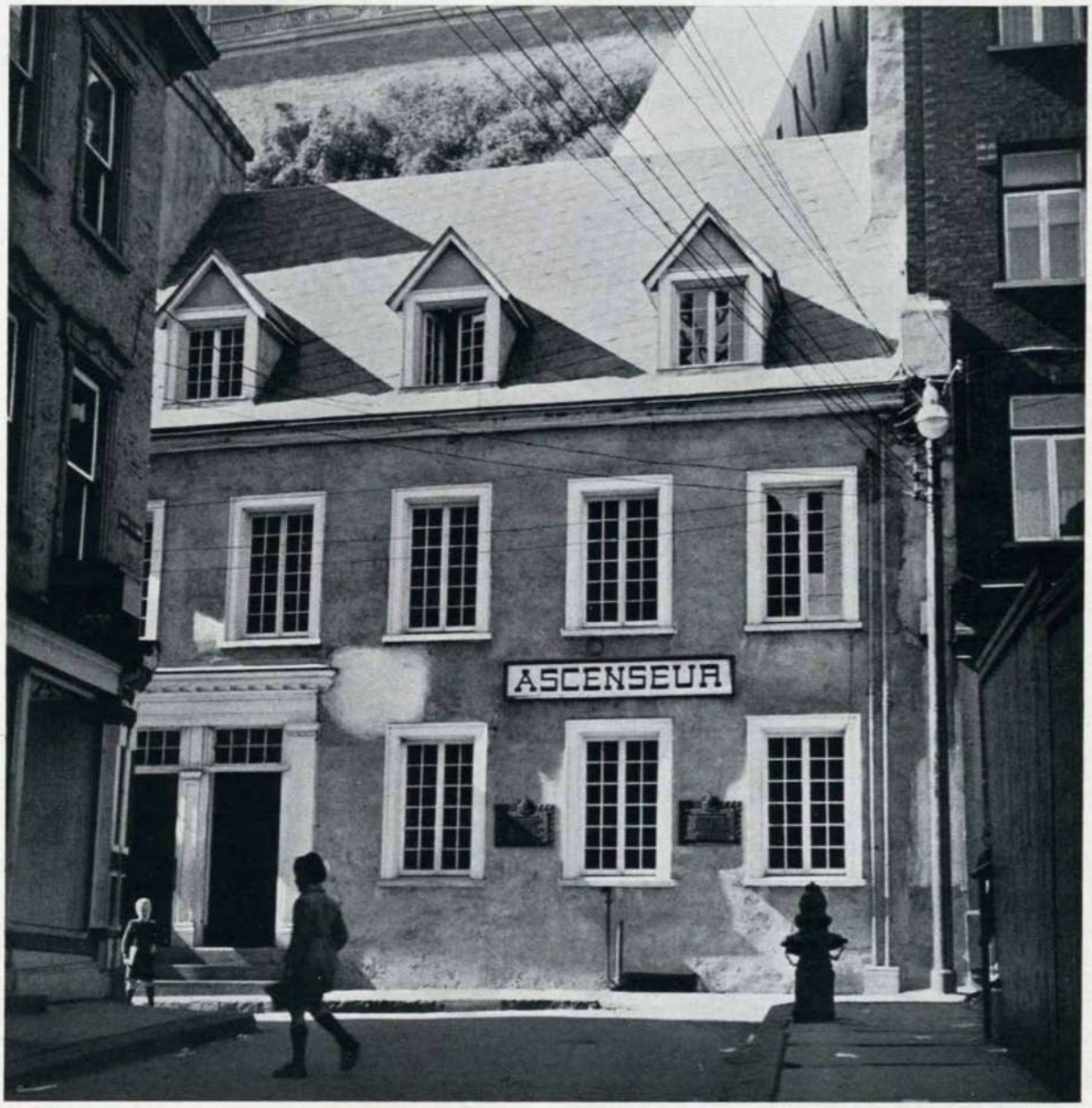
5 Translated, in part, from the complete text of Jolliet's abridged report published by Father Jean Delanglez (*Mid-America*, July 1944).

On his return journey Louis Jolliet halted at Mistassini where he established a post, the forerunner of the present post at that point, which is indicated on his map as "Maison Jolliet" and on later maps as "Maison Dorval." It is probable that he left his brother Zacharie in charge, for, in later years, the name of Zacharie Jolliet is found in the records in connection with this post.

One cannot but wonder at the amazing affrontery of Louis Jolliet. With a plausible story on his lips he ventured into the stronghold of a rival nation and proceeded to pump its governor of all the information he had to give. His report shows that he was a capable and observant man and it is very probable that had the French Crown acted immediately on the information obtained by him, the English could have been expelled from the bay with little trouble.

New France, however, made no really effective move until several years later, and by then the Hudson's Bay Company was firmly established in the Bay. In 1686, the Chevalier de Troyes led an expedition overland from Lake Temiscamingue, which was the opening phase of a struggle lasting eleven long years. Moose Factory fell to the French, then Charles Fort (or Rupert's House) and Albany. In the course of the ensuing years post after post was taken and retaken with incredible rapidity. But always the Adventurers of England managed to hold on to at least one of their five posts in the Bay. The signing of the Treaty of Ryswick in 1697 found the French in command of all save Albany, and although they made a determined effort to recapture this post in 1709, the Company men managed to retain it until, under the terms of the Treaty of Utrecht, the French withdrew from the Bay.

Jolliet's house on Rue Sous le Fort, Lower Town, Quebec. It was built in 1685. Entrance is made through it to the elevator leading to Dufferin Terrace (seen at top of picture). **H. Lavoie.**



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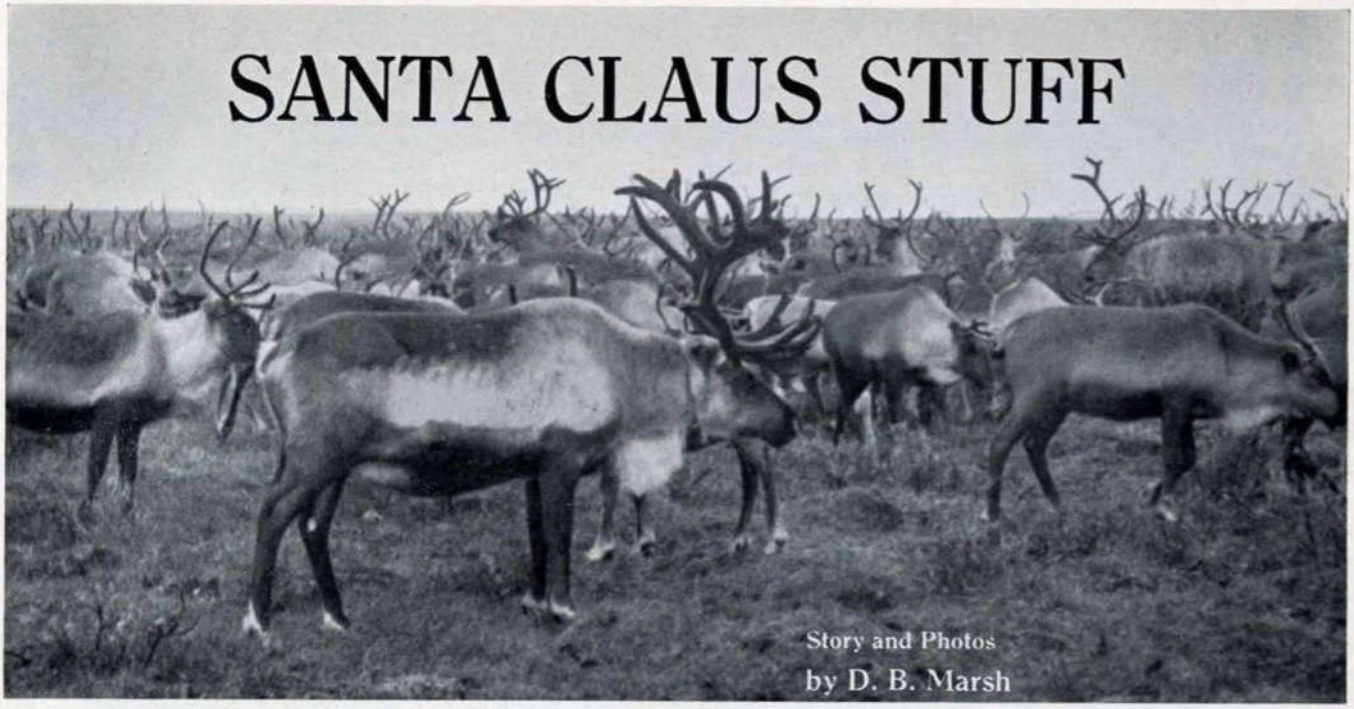


Story and Photos
by D. B. Marsh

Part of the Canadian Government reindeer herd in summer, near the Mackenzie River delta. The big buck in the foreground, wearing a collar, is a sled deer.

IT was bitterly cold in the tent when we awoke. After breakfast, Tom Oscar poked his head in the door and said he would be leaving in a short while for the herd camp. Did I want to go along?

It didn't take me long to slip into my caribou-skin parka and feather pants, sling my cameras over my shoulder and follow his tall figure up the hill.

About the tallest Eskimo I know, Tom strode ahead up the hill with a set of reindeer harness slung over his shoulder, while Otto Binder followed behind with hurrying footsteps. Otto, like myself, found Tom's long strides too big for his small steps, and it seemed hard work to keep pace until at last the well worn path flattened out as the crown of the hill was neared. On the brow I could just discern in the half light two sled reindeer stamping restlessly amidst the trees to which they were tethered.

Otto righted the Alaskan-type sled, lashed on it a bag of food for the herders at the herd camp, a large caribou skin and a spare set of harness. Tom meantime cautiously approached one reindeer and slipped over its head the curved wooden yoke of the harness and fastened it under its neck. With eyes dilated, and snuffling wildly, the reindeer protested and fought with every wile at its command. With forefeet planted forward and horns tossing wildly, it struggled against Otto and Tom as they endeavoured to lead it on a short head rope to a tree near the sled, where it was tied. This, it appears, is the usual way of harnessing a sled deer, for the next one put up a real fight. Once or twice Tom had to sidestep with the speed and dexterity of a boxer in the ring to miss the sideways swipe of those horns, or to keep his feet free from the stamping hoofs.

At last both were yoked, and Tom and Otto were gasping for breath from their exertions. Tom signed for me to get on the sled, which I did, and with a last yell to me to hold tight, Otto let go the head of the animal he was holding and Tom started to run beside the team. Faster and faster became his pace as he raced alongside the deer, the short head rope forcing the deer to run the way he wanted them to go, and it seemed that only his long arms saved him from those flying hoofs. Suddenly, to the left they shot, swinging Tom round with them. Past willow twigs, under trees, over stumps we raced, branches of trees whipping my face and neck, while Tom's legs seemed to twinkle as he flung his weight more and more to the left in an endeavour to force them to circle back to the trail.

Once more they struck the road, and Tom, though his breath was coming in audible gasps, forced the pace and raced ahead of the team, seemingly almost pulling them after him. Soon they seemed more docile, and Tom slackened pace, letting the team pass him, and gradually paying out the head rope, he fell back till he was running but a few feet from the sled. He turned, and with a leap was on the sled, still holding fast to the head rope.

The sled never slackened its pace for all his extra weight, and he had barely sat down when off they shot again to the left. With a spring Tom was up and after them. He outpaced them and flinging his weight on the side forced them back once more onto the road. Now they slackened their pace and appeared to be almost dispirited, for their tongues lolling from their mouths seemed almost as long as their heads. Tom was forced to run once more with them until suddenly they seemed to be filled once more with ambition, and with a jerk that almost unseated me from the violently pivoting sled, we were once more away with the wind whistling in our ears. Tom immediately dropped back and onto the sled.

This time there was no more stopping. We were truly off, and away up the trail we went with the flying hoofs slinging little pellets of snow into our faces. Trees seemed to pass by so swiftly that we hardly saw them. Bump, bump, bump, went the sled over the irregularities of the trail, and there was little to do but to hold on tight. Every now and then the sled would slew sideways and then be pulled forward with

a jerk that almost threw me off. "Hold tight, there's a hill in front!" Tom shouted to me in Eskimo. I hastily made another and securer grab at the lashing on the sled and braced myself, and even as I did so we topped the rise. I could see the long unbroken expanse of hillside that lay ahead and which appeared to me to resemble nothing so much as a ski jump. A vision of my head amongst a jumble of racing hoofs arose in my mind, but I was jerked back to reality by the bound that the deer gave as they leapt to take the hill.

Tom threw his long legs overboard and used them as brakes, while with both hands he clung to the sled, vainly trying to steer it. The sled started to swing to one side and I too flung myself into the same position on the other side in a vain effort to stop it. Down and round we went until the sled was sideways to the hill and seemed in danger of catching up with those galloping hoofs. Tom was struggling his best and yelling "Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!" in excited tones when the sled hit a projection and started to turn over on top of me. I promptly and very unheroically let go of the sled, being not unmindful that I had two expensive cameras slung over my shoulder. I rolled over in a cloud of snow, and sat up in time to see Tom still holding tightly to the lashing as the sled, tossing from side to side, reached the bottom of the hill. The deer swung to the left and shot off onto a lake, Tom still fighting for control.

I hurried to my feet and started down the hill. In spite of the temperature being in the neighbourhood of 46 below zero, I felt more than warm, and a little later I learnt that Tom was warmer than I was, in more ways than one. On the way down I had noticed him hastily grabbing his hip pocket several times and pulling his hand out as quickly as he shoved it in. As I reached the still panting trio of deer and man, I saw dozens of burnt matches on the snow around him. He had ignited the matches in his pocket as he slid down the hill!

Tom, however, thought it just as funny as I did. I scrambled on the sled and he went over the familiar start. Soon he was on the sled once more and the team was following the trail of the sled that had gone ahead of us. Across the lake and with a bound the deer were up over the edge and we were after them. Now it was across the "niggerheads" that the sled sped, and as the runners hit these mounds of moss or dropped between them the sled swayed and rocked like a ship in a storm. Another lake: and with a magnificent leap both animals were sailing through space; a jerk, and we too were in mid-air, and the reindeer were landing on the ice beneath us. I could look down and see their rumps under the sled, and my heart seemed to stop beating as I vividly pictured what would happen when we landed. Suddenly they seemed to shoot away as if pulled with strings, and with a wrench that almost flung us off we hit the ice of the lake and were gliding smoothly across it.

Soon we could see ahead of us the other team we had left. By this time both teams seemed considerably quieter, and as we mounted the bank of the lake there started one of the wildest races that I could ever hope to see. All four deer seemed to be imbued with the idea of flight and beating the other team. That they went in the wrong direction meant nothing to them, and the drivers could do nothing about it at that speed, for we shot along on those bumping wildly swaying sleds, clinging for dear life as neck to neck those reindeer gave all they had. Now together, now apart they sped, the sleds touching and springing away second by second, until after a while the pace began to tell and the animals slackened their speed. Our left hand deer was young, and new as a draft animal, and was in consequence a little scared. He kept crowding his team mate to one side until he seemed to be walking on four pairs of legs which were longer on one side than the other and which had a perpetual lean.

The other animal was perforce obliged to resist the weight of his inexperienced team mate, and soon finding it too much he allowed himself to be forced over against the other team. Now in turn the second team was also forced sideways until the drivers decided that this had gone far enough. They agreed that Tom should lead and Jimmy should follow.

I was so busy watching the ungainly creatures ahead (for this was the first time that I had been able really to take stock of them) that I almost forgot the team behind until I heard a snuffling sound almost in my ear. I quickly turned to see, but a scant six inches behind my head, the froth flecked mouth of a reindeer, his tongue lolling out and his eyes rolling. He evidently found my looks as little to his liking as I did his, for he at once slackened pace and started to fall back. I definitely decided from that moment, all artists to the contrary, that no one could ever call a reindeer beautiful.

We picked up a load of wood on a lake and soon were going up the hill to the herd tent. We had come six miles in a straight line, but it had taken us two and a half to three hours to get there. I was almost stiff with cold when at last we drew up near the tent, and my feet seemed frozen. The herders who were to be relieved soon had the deer tethered out to graze, and we all sat down to hot coffee and bannock. From a hole in the side of the tent I could see the herd

"I definitely decided, all artists to the contrary, that no one could ever call a reindeer beautiful."

One of the teams. The driver holding the lead rope keeps his distance, for they will butt him and kick him if given a chance.

scattered over a fairly large area, some lying down, others feeding, but always one or two on the alert for signs of danger. Here and there I could see the deer pawing the snow from the ground in search of lichens, sending the snow flying into the air in smoke-like wisps.

The sun had already started to sink toward the horizon, and Wallace Lucas, who was going off herd, and with whom I was to ride back to camp, was anxious to be going. That very morning he had killed a wolf in his traps, and we were to take this home with us.

With four to help, the team was soon hitched and we set off over the brow of a hill. This time we travelled alone save for another herder who held on to the long rope which we trailed behind the sled. This man was equipped with skis and came along at a great rate down the hill. Wallace, having been a herder for years, had more obedience from his team, and was able to run along behind and guide them somewhat with the head ropes. He jumped on and away we went. The trailing rope tightened and I looked back to see the skier coming along in great style. A second or two later the rope went slack, and I glanced round to see him in a heap. He was soon up however with his herd dog racing alongside him.

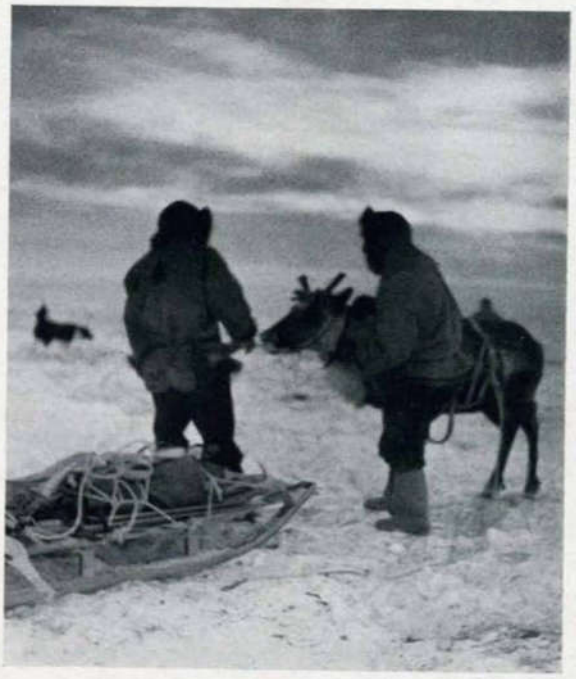
Without warning, a ravine shewed up ahead, and Wallace yelled to me to get off the sled. This I did with alacrity, to see him lightly leap off with the long head ropes loosely held in his hands. The two deer sprang up with upturned hoofs, just like those in pictures of Santa's reindeer, and leapt out over an almost vertical bank to alight gently on the lake. They stopped obediently at the pull of the rope, and Wallace scrambled down to rearrange the harness once more. Across the ravine, and up the bank, we found the wolf trap with the great white brute still lying where he had been shot. It resembled a great dog, an oversize dog, and it was all that Wallace could do to pick it up and place it on his shoulders to carry it to the sled.

Wallace reset the traps, rearranged the bait and and once more we were off. This time I had the wolf to sit on, and expected to find it not only warm but soft. I found instead that I felt just as cold as ever and that I kept slipping. My feet were like ice, the bitter cold wind made my eyes water, and the drops froze on my lashes as we sped along. This time Wallace drove. He spoke to his team, he encouraged them, called to them, and they in turn in some measure obeyed him, even at times obeying his pull to left or right according to the direction he wished them to go. The drops from the high banks onto the ice jarred my teeth as the sled hit the ice or ground, and when its nose hit the almost vertical banks of lakes, I was almost shot off.

At last we reached that hill where in such ignoble fashion I had been pitched off a few hours before, and I was glad of the walk to get at least a little warm. Soon we were within sight of the camp, and Wallace stopped the team, then hitched them to a tree so that they might pasture. As the sun sank, a great crimson ball of fire in a purple sky, we entered the tent which I had left just over four hours and a half before. It was a thrilling ride, and one I shall never forget.

But I can't say I exactly envy Santa Claus. . . .

Archdeacon Marsh may be forgiven if this picture is somewhat out of focus. It was taken at the herd camp, with a wind blowing, at 54° below zero.



A TRADING TRIP OF 1898

By G. P. Arnett

IN 1898 I was stationed as an apprentice clerk at Nelson House, in what is now northern Manitoba. Alec Stout was the trader in charge. He had come from the Orkneys in his youth and been with the Company ever since; and he now had a wife and daughter. Two miles down the lake there was a Methodist mission with a minister, his wife and two daughters. There was an opposition, or free trader as they were called, but he was not there all the time. That was all the white people there were nearer than Cumberland House or Cross Lake posts. A Roman Catholic priest made a call each summer to visit his few converts. A few Indians lived near the post, employed by the Company cutting wood, fishing, hunting meat, and as dog drivers and canoemen. The hunters would only come in to the post when out of supplies; a lot of them only coming in during the summer and going off again before fall. They were Crees, and were a good-looking, healthy people, good hunters and blest with a fine trapping country, lots of room and lots of fur. Plenty of fish in the lakes and rivers, some moose and caribou, plenty of bears, beaver and musquash—all providing meat as well as fur.

The Methodist mission had a little church but no school. The Indians were good attendants when around, always came to church every Sunday and made a day of it. Babies and dogs were parked in the church during morning service, then tea was brewed on the church stove and lunch eaten in the church. Afterwards there was Sunday school and afternoon service. The natives were well behaved, and good singers.

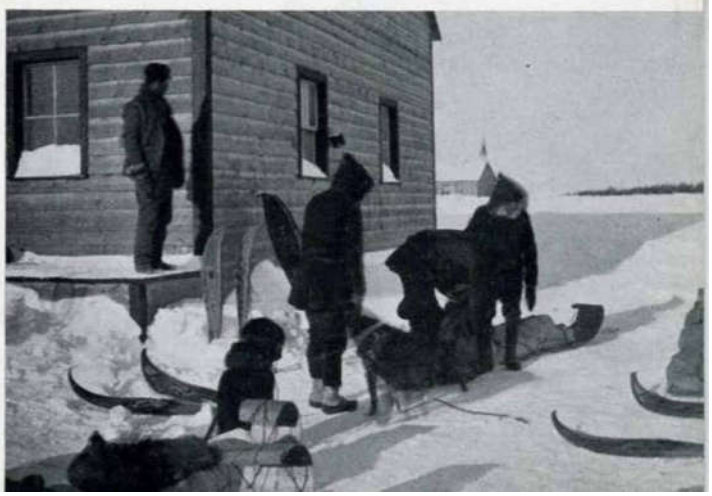
When travelling with the missionaries they would stay in camp all day Sunday, but not when with the Company's men, who were against laying off on Sundays unless the weather was bad, as in their opinion that was the right time to rest. Then the mail had to be taken to Norway House, some two hundred miles away, for Christmas and to meet the incoming mail from Winnipeg. The same trip again in March. In the summer the brigade of three York boats, manned by the Indians, took the furs to Norway House and returned with the year's supply of goods.

Trading trips to the Indian camps were made all winter by dog teams and in the spring by birch-bark canoes. The idea was to keep in touch with the hunters, encourage more efforts in trapping, supply them with goods that they were short of, and if necessary, when meat and fish were scarce, send out flour and bacon. Of course they were also designed to head off the furs going to the free traders. If the Indians ran short of supplies—especially of tea and tobacco, the two essentials after ammunition—they came in to the post, which meant quite a waste of time, for their dogs were not bred or trained for speedy work. The Company specially bred and kept good dogs and had men trained for that work, so that trips could be made in quick time for those days. At some of the posts there was keen competition. Traders rushed off their teams to a camp when they heard a fine silver fox had been caught, for they were at a premium at that time. (Scoffers used to say that there was the same competition amongst churches. Missionaries would hitch up their dogs and rush off when they heard of a birth of an Indian baby, each hoping to baptize the new arrival.)

There was no money in that part of the country at all; the Company's officials drew from the store what they needed, or ordered from Winnipeg to come in the annual outfit. They only got paid when they went out. Post managers signed on for three years, apprentice clerks for five years. The standard of value was the Made Beaver or M.B. A medium size beaver skin would be worth say three M.B., a large one six, a small one one M.B., marten one to four M.B., fox one to fifty, and so on. Goods the same—one pound tea two M.B., one pound tobacco four M.B. The manager, when making up his books for the year to send to Norway House en route for Winnipeg, would turn the M.B. into dollars. M.B. had a fixed value that changed at times and might be different at each post. Sometimes the Indians used little sticks to keep tab when trading, but as a rule all the figuring was done in the head; and they had good memories. The total value of the furs today is as high as in those days. The catch is very much smaller, but the market value is higher. Everything was spent; some of them at the end of the trade might still be in debt. But they had to be outfitted again. The wise trader used to wash the slate every few years (on the quiet of course) and start fresh, or, as my old chief used to do, be slightly forgetful when adding up the hundred columns. To make a good hunt the trappers had to be outfitted, whatever their financial position. After all, it is quite an undertaking to raise a family in the bush, which the Indians used to do with practically no assistance from the government.

I will always remember the first trading trip I made. Started one day in January with two Cree Indians, Felix and Murdo, with two toboggans, four dogs to each toboggan. Murdo went ahead breaking trail, Felix and I drove the toboggans. We had heavy loads; the trade goods consisted mostly of ammunition, tea,

Getting ready for a trading trip at a Hudson's Bay post in the early 1900's. Note the dark green or blue duffle capots—standard equipment in those days.



Fish for the dog team. F. Dalman.

and tobacco, but also lengths of tartan dress goods, woollen tuques, heavy tweed pants, woollen shawls and pieces of fine red cloth, and silk threads for embroidering gloves and moccasins. Dog feed was frozen whitefish. For blankets we each had a rabbit-skin robe, made by cutting the skins in strips and sewing them back to back, and then a coverall of print to keep the hairs from straying. It was good and warm, as warm as a modern sleeping bag, and it was cool in summer too.

Our food was the regular Company's ration—bacon, flour, tea, sugar—no other food at all of any kind. Of course, if you came across an Indian camp you might trade some of it for meat or fish, or you might eat some of your dog fish if they happened to be good. The ration was at the rate of one pound of fat bacon, two pounds of flour, one ounce tea, one ounce sugar. The sugar was lump, and was eaten like candy right away. The ration of food was strong, if monotonous; but you could work hard twelve to sixteen hours a day. The flour was made into bannocks fresh each meal by mixing with a little bacon fat and water and baking in a fry pan before the fire. The bacon was fried down to grease and the hot bannock dipped in it. The ounce of tea made plenty of good strong tea. Each man had the same ration but we usually lumped them all together. The time it would take to make the trip would be estimated and you would get that amount for each day. We took eight days' supply, as we expected that there would be lots of meat in the camp. Then we took one H.B. copper tea kettle, one fry pan and three axes. That completed our outfit.

The weather was cold and snow deep, so the going was hard and the pace slow. We got up at 2 a.m., broke camp at four, travelled till dawn (about 8 a.m.), then breakfast again; off at nine, travel till 12, then lunch. Off again at 1 p.m., travel till four, then camp in the open; dig the snow away with our snowshoes to bare ground, put lots of spruce brush on the ground, and the sticks at the back and sides of our camp. We did not put up a fly unless it looked like snowing, and then we cut some poles and with our toboggan wrappers made a fly. It took about two hours to make camp and collect enough firewood for the night. Then supper for our dogs and ourselves, dry our moccasins and duffle socks, thaw out our duffle capots—as usually by dusk they were becoming stiff on our backs with the combination of frost and sweat. On taking them off they would stand up by themselves.

Felix and Murdo were both good Methodists, and held prayers and sang a hymn morning and evening. We took turns mornings getting up first and starting up the fire—cold work at 2 a.m. Then shoving hot bannock dipped in bacon grease into you at about 3 a.m. is not so good either; but, if you don't, you feel pretty empty before eight o'clock comes.

After eight days' hard going we reached the place on Indian Lake where the camp was supposed to be, but found they had moved on to get nearer the caribou. They had left a note written in Cree on a strip of birch bark and hung on a tree saying where they were heading for; so we followed their trail. It was snowed in rather, but after going for a day and a half we came up to them. Our food supplies both for dogs and selves were about done, but they had run into a big band of caribou and had lots of fat meat; so every one was happy. We had seen part of the band that morning, just a moving mass of animals; where they had gone by, the snow and willow brush were all trodden flat. When they are travelling that way they take no notice of you and you can kill all you want.

We were received with great ceremony. The Indians were all home, and everybody—men, women, children and dogs—turned out. What a hullabaloo! Eight dog

fights going on at the same time, but our dogs held their own in spite of being in harness. We unhitched them and tied them up by themselves, and then there was peace. There were four families camped together. They had pieced their large fly tents together, making one big tent with a big fire in the centre. The head man prepared a good spot in his portion of the tent and a great spread was set before us. It is looked on as an insult to offer travellers a wash before you have fed them. Roast and boiled caribou meat, smoked caribou tongues, beaver tails, caribou meat dried and pounded to very fine shreds and clean marrow fat rendered down like white butter.

I was hungry and ate well at such good fare, but could not eat half of what was given me, and as it is not good manners to leave any food given you on such occasions, I had to ask Felix and Murdo to help me out. After copious draughts of strong tea, I thought I was through eating for the night; but then the next senior Indian invited us to his part of the tent and placed before us a similar huge spread, with an addition of some nicely broiled whitefish. I did what I could, but my boys came to my rescue again. To watch them eat, you would think they had not eaten anything at all. But when the other two Indian families in turn each invited us to similar spreads, that was too much! I could eat no more, though my boys were still going strong. But at last, when they could hold no more, they shoved what was left into an empty flour sack they had thoughtfully brought along with them; so nothing was left of the feast and etiquette was complied with.

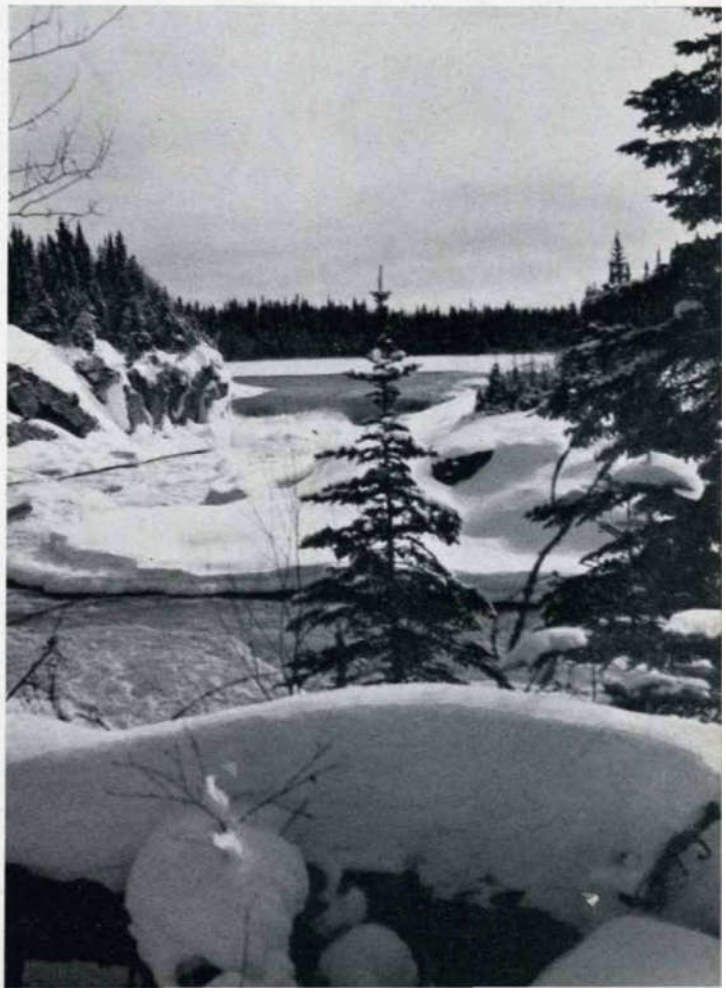
I lit my pipe and hoped for the best, but I felt I was liable to bust at any moment. Then the head man asked us back to his place and the trading began. Our object was to get all the furs they had, either to pay something on account of the credit they had got in the fall or for the trade now, or if they were ahead to hold to their credit till they came in. They liked to hold on to some of the furs. He had some fine dark marten and he was asking a big price, more than the market, but I knew if I did not give him his price he would be liable to hang on to his other skins; so I gave it, hoping to make it up on his other skins. After finishing his trade we moved on to the next senior man, and so on till we had traded with all of them, the women as well. The ermine skins always are claimed by the women as their own, and they have a few odd skins they have caught themselves near the camp. We had secured a good lot of prime skins—marten, mink, otter, fisher, beaver, and fox. We had traded all our goods except for some tea and tobacco we were saving for a band of Chipewyans that was camped across the lake, and our hosts had asked us to call there on our way home.

Then we settled down to sleep at the headman's portion of the tent. It was quite an experience going to bed in one big room—men, women, and children. Very orderly and quickly babies, children, and grown ups were all bedded down, the last dog kicked outside—our dogs were tied up outside—and the tent flap fastened down. Only a few pets the children kept beside them. One child had a pet beaver. It took a great fancy to me. I suppose the beaver saw I was a stranger too in novel surroundings and slept right alongside of me, lying out full length like a man. The beaver are not smelly; they are very clean, only the tail is cold and clammy. I slept soundly till daylight. They gave us a good breakfast of caribou tongues and fried whitefish, and supplied us with meat for our dogs and selves for the trip back.

After much handshaking we left, and that evening came to the Chipewyan camp. They belonged to Fort Churchill, were rather a poor, hard looking band, not at all like the Crees; but they welcomed us and put us up for the night. We traded a few marten, mink, and beaver skins for our tea and tobacco. We did not know their language and they did not know any Cree or English, but it is surprising how you can understand one another without talking. The Crees and Chipewyans are hereditary enemies and still didn't trust one another very much. After a while Murdo came and whispered to me that his rifle had disappeared. He had left it on top of one of our toboggans that we had placed on a rack out of reach of the dogs, as our furs were tied up in the toboggan. He asked me what he should do. I told him, "Don't say anything or make a fuss; just look around the camp casually and see if you can locate it." After awhile he came back and said he had found it in one of the Chipewyan's caches, had retrieved it and put it back on our toboggan. I said, "That's good, but don't say anything; they are probably just trying to bluff you out of it. We will see what happens in the morning."

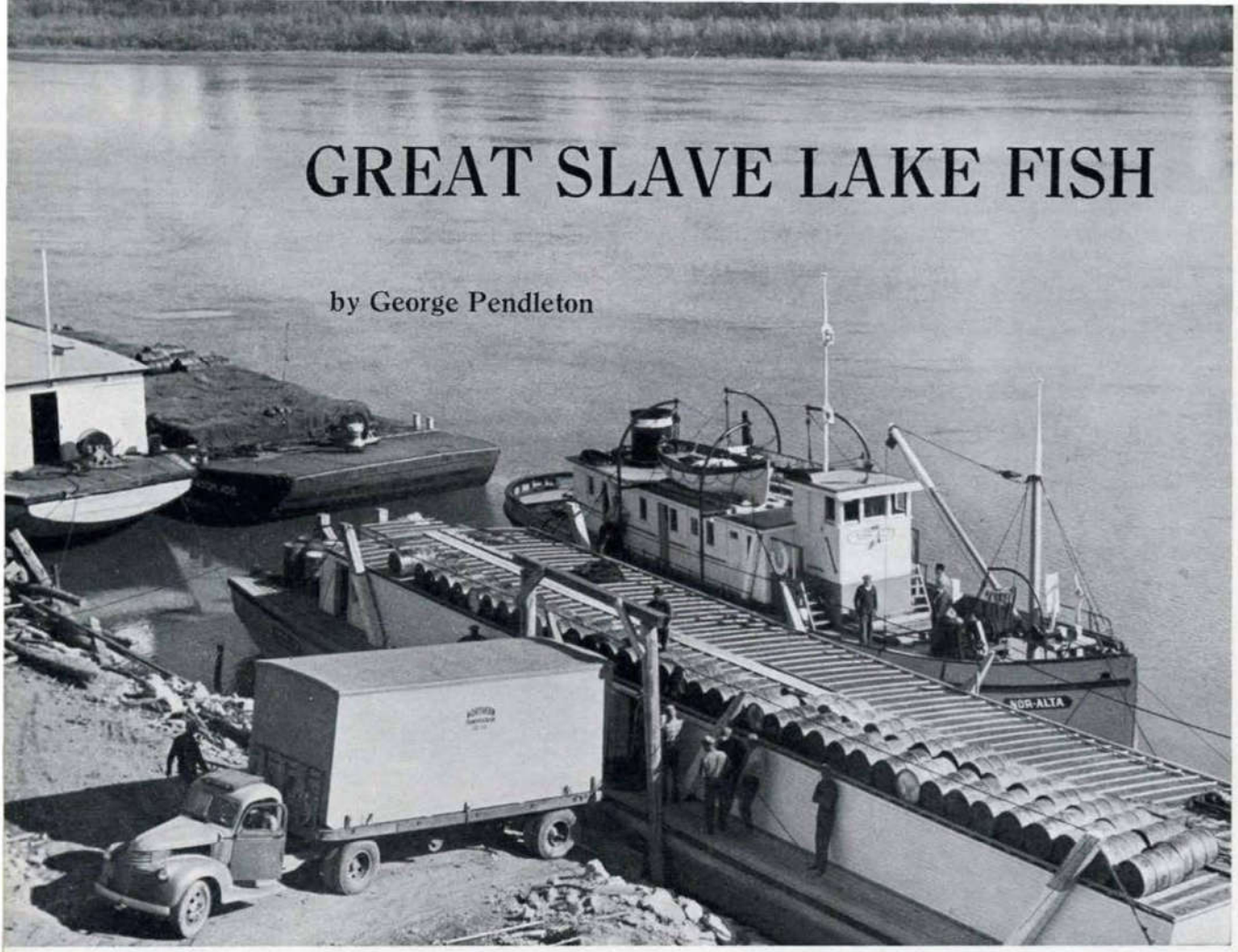
We had a good sleep and were given a breakfast of caribou meat. Then we loaded our toboggans. Murdo's rifle was there. They were just trying it on, hoping we would be too scared to do anything and they would be ahead a good rifle. So after handshaking all round, off we went and had a good run home.

On the Nelson River. **R. P. Arnold.**



GREAT SLAVE LAKE FISH

by George Pendleton



Unloading fish at Belle Rock from refrigerator barge into refrigerator truck. **World News Services.**

UNTIL July 1789, when Alexander Mackenzie discovered the river which now bears his name, Great Slave Lake marked the farthest north of the fur trade in what is now northwestern Canada. Samuel Hearne discovered the lake in the course of his exploratory journey of 1772 and called it Athapuskow—a word known to us as Athabaska, referring to the reedy, marshy delta of the Slave River. He described it as a "magnificent sheet of water, well supplied with excellent fish." This was said of what is now known to be the twelfth in size of the world's great lakes, one covering an area of 11,170 square miles. It is 325 miles in length—not quite so long as Lake Michigan—and has an average breadth of some fifty miles. In places it reaches a depth of 2,000 feet.

Government surveyors describe the lake as marking the northern limits of the prairie region. Its shores are well wooded and wild berries abound—blueberries, mossberries, raspberries, gooseberries, currants and

Great Slave Lake as shown in maps of 1795 and 1939. The dotted line in the old map represents Mackenzie's route of 1789.

cranberries being especially abundant. Across the north and east in due season stream vast herds of caribou. Many kinds of fish are to be had for the taking. Fur is plentiful. Therefore, we need not wonder that Indians have always been numerous around the lake—Chipewyans, Slaves, Dog Ribs and Yellowknives. These are all of the Athapascan linguistic group. Theoretically they speak the same mother tongue, but in the course of time several dialects have developed and become distinctly differentiated. It is only with difficulty that the various tribes converse with each other in the native tongue, but practically all speak either English or French and sometimes both those languages.

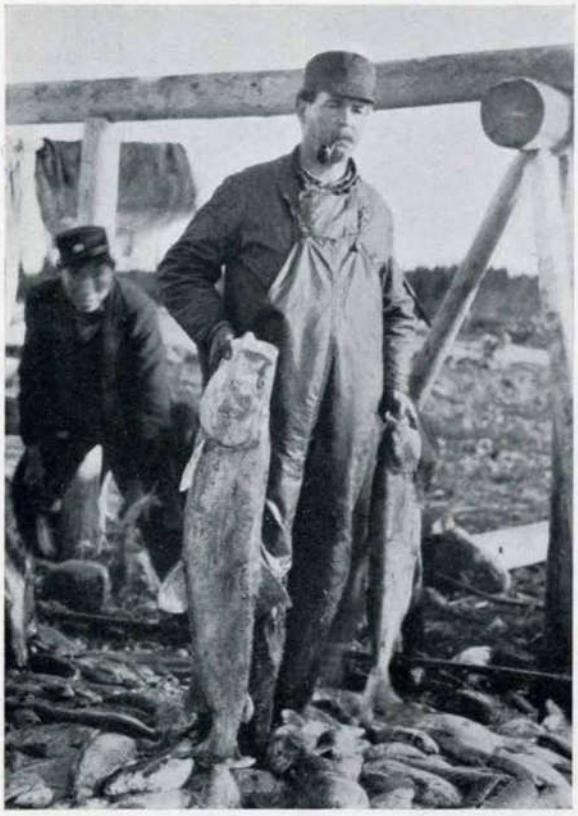
It is from the Slave (or Slavi) Indians that the lake takes its name. Formerly they predominated around the lake. The prefix "Great" was given the lake to distinguish it from the much smaller Lesser Slave Lake south of the Peace River.

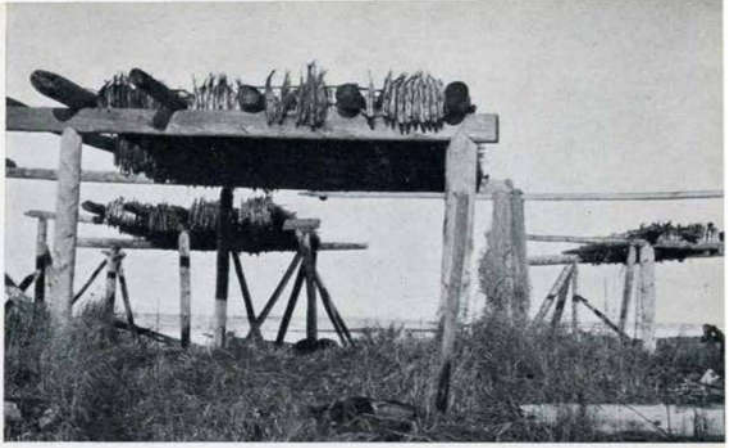
The Yellowknives (formerly called Copper Indians) were driven by Dog Ribs from around Yellowknife, early in the nineteenth century, to the southwest shore of the lake around Fort Resolution.

The presence around the lake of many coveted minerals has been known for years, but the discovery of gold in large quantities at Yellowknife a few years ago really put the lake on the map. Now it has again sprung into the news because of the wealth of fish contained in its waters, which a commercial fishing company is now catching, processing and marketing.

From early days ichthyologists, both amateur and professional, have discoursed at length on the fish found in the Mackenzie river and its connected lakes.

A fisherman of forty years ago holds up a large "conny" (inconnu). Henry Jones.





Fish drying on the shore of Great Slave Lake. Henry Jones.

From Aklavik to Lake Athabasca and in all tributary waters fish have been observed, studied and written about, if only because, until thirty years ago, fish was the principal article of diet in the North-West Territories. It abounded everywhere in vast quantities and in numerous varieties. The trading companies, the police, the missions, as well as private individuals, fished systematically in season to feed both themselves and their sled-dogs.

Whitefish (*Coregonus clupeiformis*), lake trout (*Salvelinus namaycush*) and inconnu (*Stenodus Mackenzii*) are the principal food varieties of the region. In addition there are pike and jackfish, smelts, sculpin and grayling as well as a species of Arctic herring and gigantic suckers and catfish. These were caught in gill nets. Travellers often referred to this or that species of fish as being "game" or "sporting" but little fly-fishing was done, even the lordly trout taking a twist of coloured cotton or woolen cloth as readily as a spinner or an expensive artificial fly.

The whitefish is, of course, known to all Canadians, but the Great Slave Lake variety is often very large, ranging from two to eight pounds. The inconnu is

Modern fishermen coming in with a day's catch. World News Services.

found from the Arctic to the foot of the Fort Smith rapids. This "unknown fish," or "conny" as it is more often called, looks like an overgrown whitefish, and turns the scales at anything between twenty and forty pounds. It makes good dog feed at any time, but for human consumption is at its best soon after it enters the Mackenzie River from salt water. Then its flesh is a clear light pink in colour, firm and palatable to even the most discriminating. When it gets to the higher waters of the river and to Great Slave Lake it is paler in colour, flabbier in texture and of poorer taste. Even so, connies, when taken from Great Slave Lake, processed and packaged, find a ready market in eastern Canada and the United States.

The Arctic grayling, or Back's grayling, is to be found in all waters tributary to the Mackenzie. It is a very game fish and will take the fly. A two-pounder would be a fair sized specimen, and wherever found is excellent eating. The scientific name of this fish, *Thymallus signifer*, indicates a most peculiar characteristic; when handled it gives off an odour like that of garden thyme (*Thymus vulgaris*). This feature and its very large back fin readily identify it. Recently this fish was the subject of one of Ripley's "Believe it or not" sketches.

Unfortunately, there are not enough goldeyes in Great Slave Lake for that delectable fish to be processed there, though they are found in the Mackenzie River, and some find their way upstream as far as Lake Athabasca.

The commercial fisheries at Great Slave Lake were brought into production in the summer of 1945 after investigation of their possibilities. In part of a season that year 1,205,000 pounds of dressed fish were taken. The federal fisheries department set a limit of 2,500,000 pounds for the 1946 summer catch and 1,000,000 for the winter catch. In the summer of 1946, 2,250,000 pounds were actually taken. The entire operation was organized and is operated by McInnes Products Corporation Limited of Edmonton, under the management of William Schlader, a northern fisherman of many years' experience.

The project employs 175 men and has a fleet of twenty-five fishing boats, a floating "fish factory," transportation barges and trucks. For the 1947 fishing season several aircraft have been added to the equipment. Fishing headquarters are at Gros Cap, on the lake shore sixty miles south of Yellowknife. Most of the men employed on the project live there, crews on the larger vessels remaining aboard most of the time. Fishermen are mostly of Scandinavian origin, Indians being employed largely in processing operations. Each small boat has a crew of two or three men, using gill nets, who work on an individual boat basis, and their catches are purchased by the fishing company at an agreed price.

The catch, which consists principally of whitefish and trout, is passed on as quickly as possible to the floating factory. This is a series of three barges on which the fish is cleaned, scaled and washed, filleted, packed in five-pound containers, and wrapped in cellophane. Refuse from the processing plant is not returned to the lake: instead, it is hauled to a remote island, where it is dumped ashore. The plant operates on an assembly line principle, and as the process is completed, the packaged fish is loaded onto a refrigerated transport barge.

Three such barges, equipped with ammonia plants, haul the fish from Gros Cap to Fort Smith. There the fish is loaded into refrigerated trucks, which carry it over the portage to Fort Fitzgerald, where it is transferred to other barges for the voyage to the railhead at Waterways. From that point refrigerated railway cars carry it the rest of the way to Toronto for distribution to New York, Buffalo, Chicago, and other eastern Canadian and United States cities. One Dakota this summer and last flew fish directly from the Lake to Waterways, and three Ansons were later purchased for a similar purpose in the summer of 1947.

The lake, however, is in no danger of being overfished or fished out. The past year's catch averages about one third of a pound for each acre of the lake's surface; and the lake covers 7,148,000 acres.

A tug with some refrigerator barges lies alongside the packing house and loading shed at Gros Cap. **World News Services.**

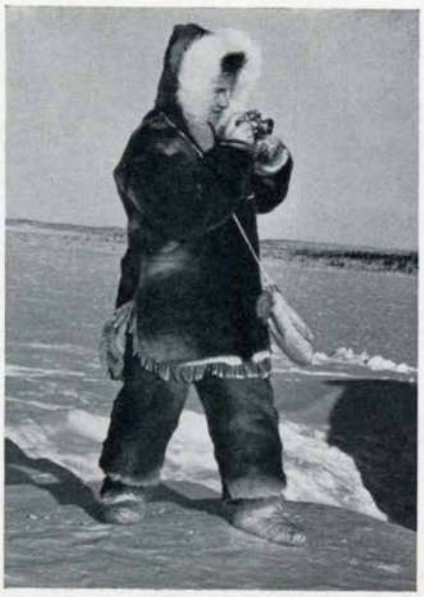
Eightieth winter

IN THE LAND OF THE *Chipewyans*

A group of photographs by

RICHARD HARRINGTON

The Morning After . . .

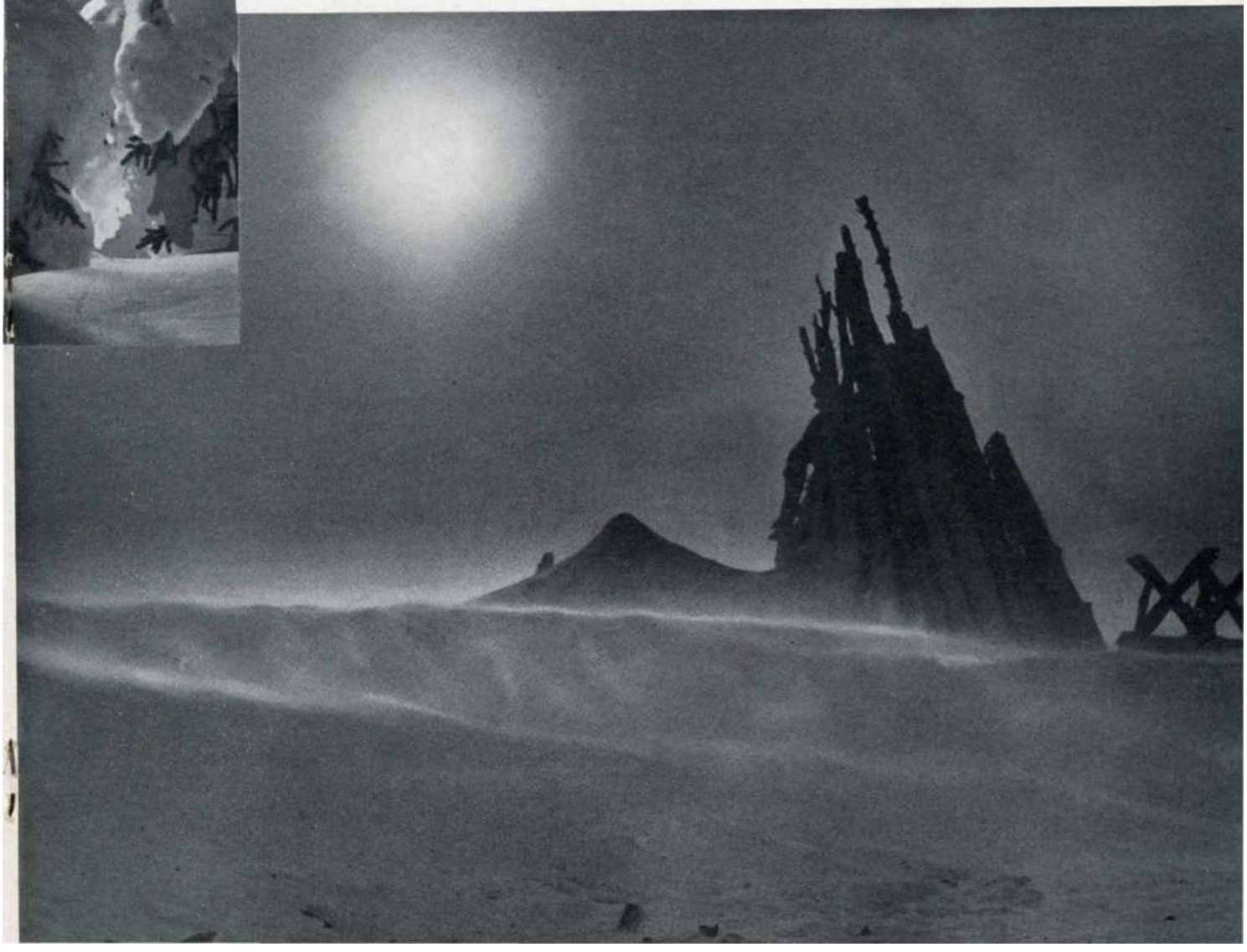


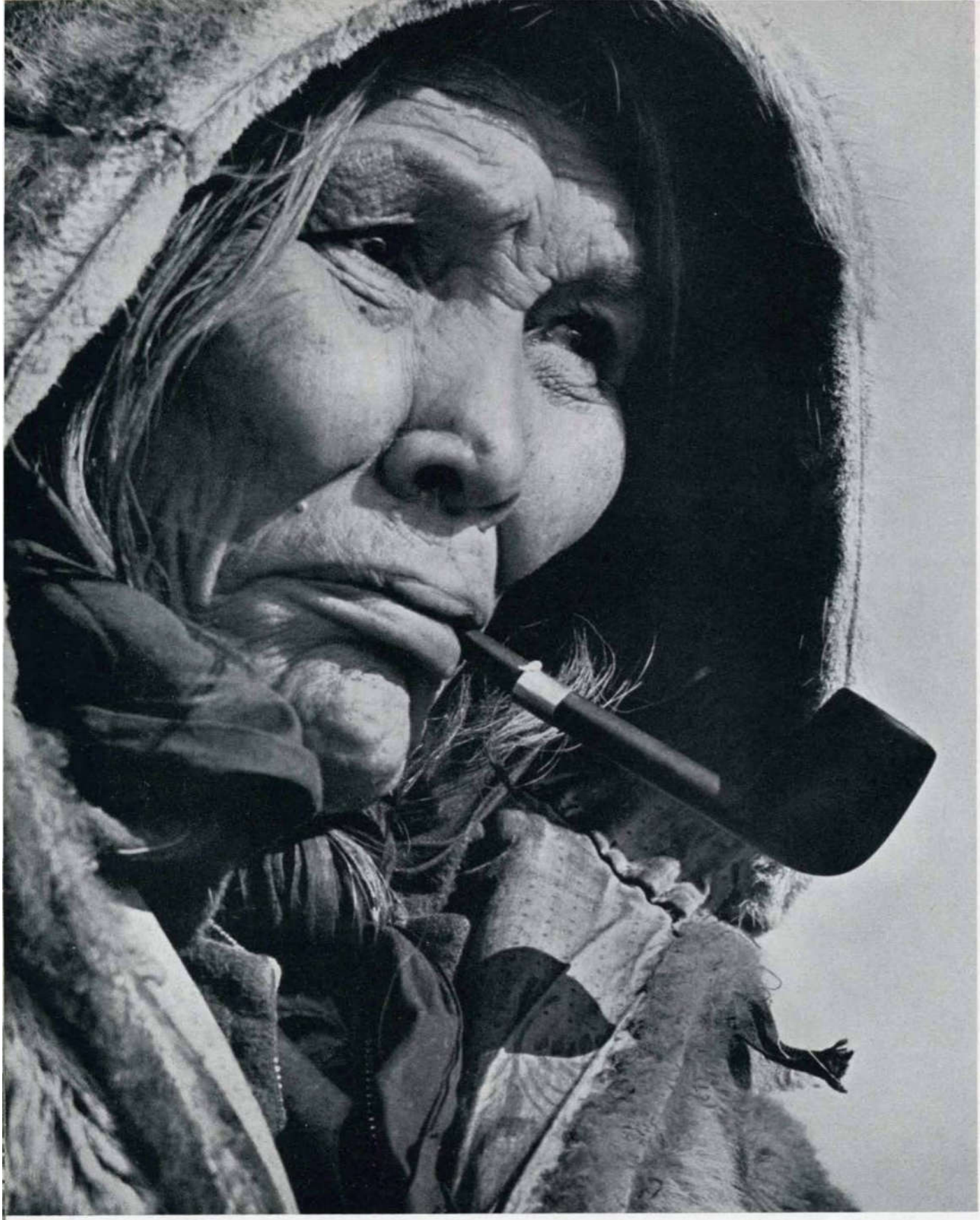
THE far northern part of Manitoba, where the forests peter out into the "little sticks" on the edge of the barrens, is inhabited mainly by a few bands of Chipewyan Indians, whose mainstay has always been the caribou. Last winter the Beaver sent Richard Harrington north to lonely Caribou post, to photograph these Indians and their country. He returned with several rolls of black-and-white and kodachrome miniatures, depicting life among these little-known people of the Hudson Bay hinterland. As these Chipewyans are probably the most primitive Canadian Indians now in existence, and as Mr. Harrington is one of the best (and hardiest) outdoor photographers in Canada, these pictures form a valuable and remarkable record of native life in a fast-changing northland.

More of his photographs will appear in the March Beaver and in subsequent issues.

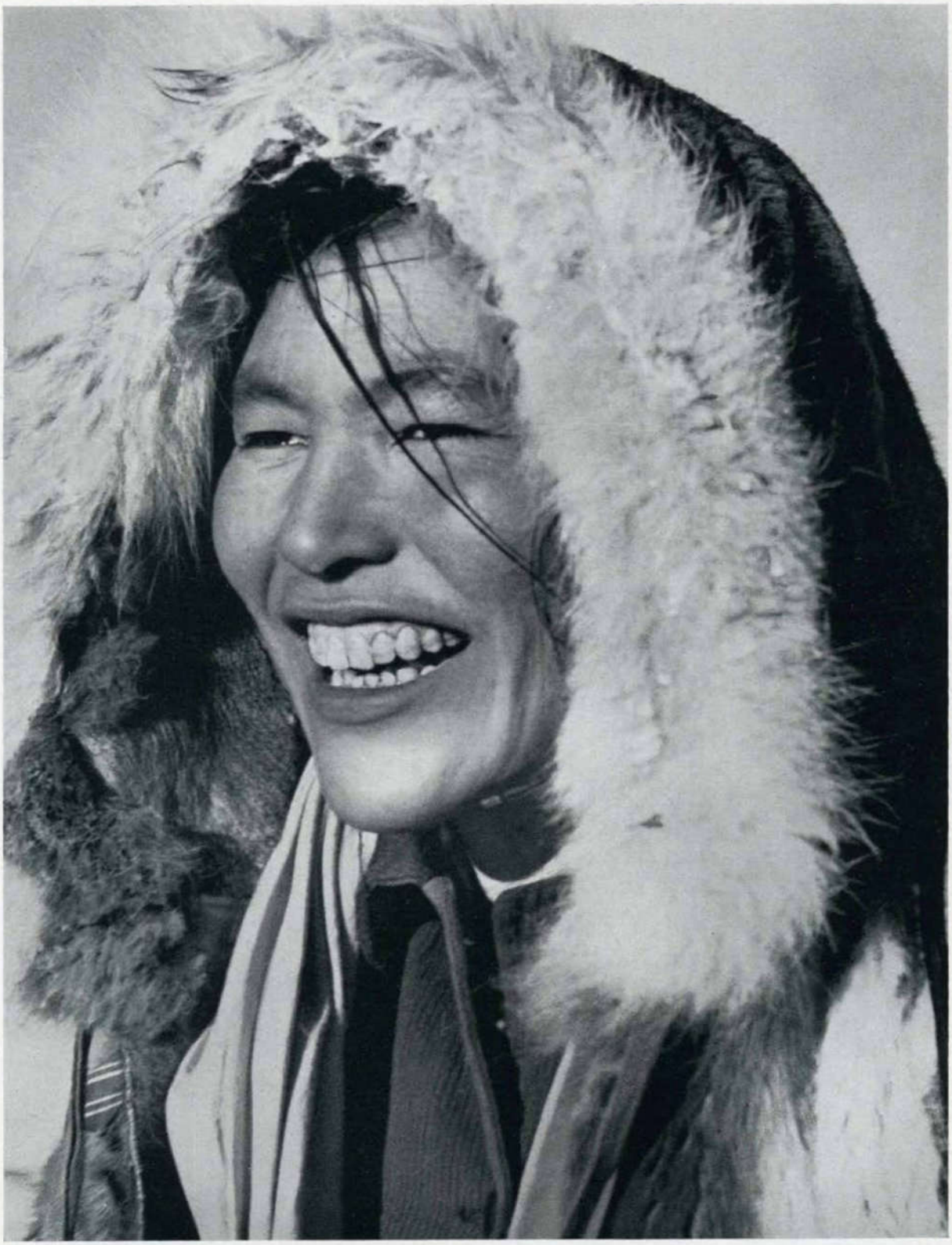
The photographer in his Chipewyan costume

. . . The Night Before.



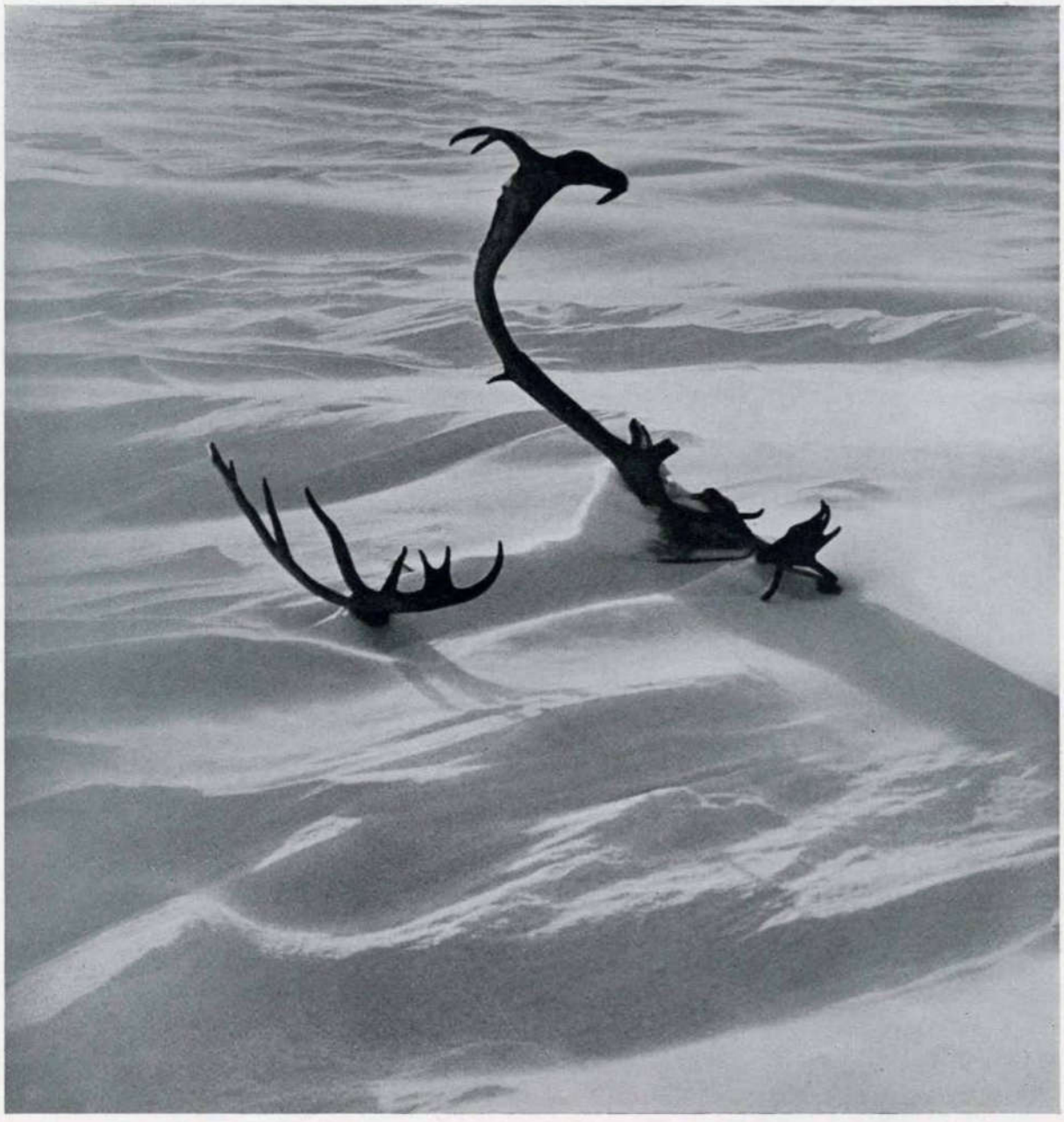


"Age is full of care . . . .



. . . Youth is full of pleasure"

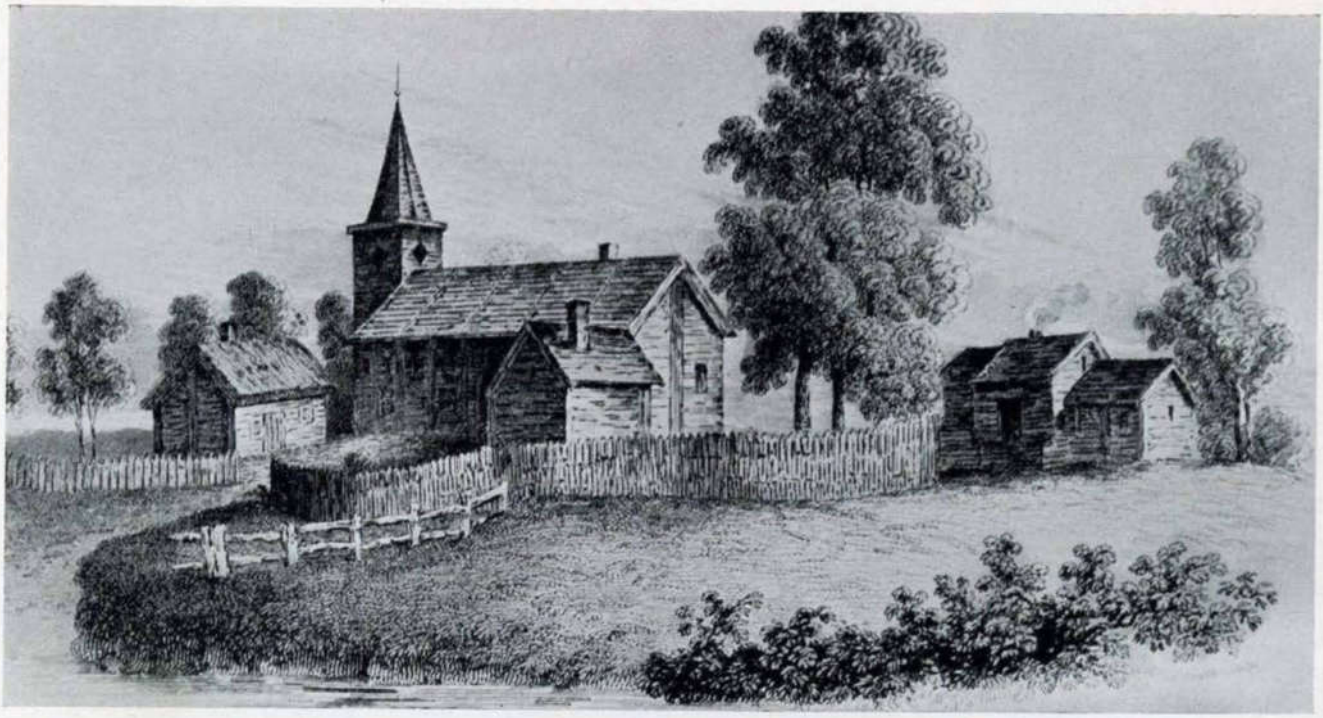
Windswept



Windless

Tough Sledding

Home Stretch



"Protestant Church and Mission School at the Red River Colony." From John West's "Substance of a Journal" in 1820-23.

EARLY RED RIVER SCHOOLS

By W. B. Ready

BEFORE the end of the nineteenth century the schools of Manitoba became a major issue in Dominion politics. A Spanish cardinal came to Canada to post the Vatican on their situation. "Fighting Joe" Martin roused the Orangemen over them, and the Privy Council of the Queen pondered regarding them. It needed all the sunny ways of Laurier to dispel the political storm that the Manitoba School Question engendered.

Yet at the beginning of the century these schools were not. They came to be by reason of the missionary endeavour of the Christian churches backed up and constantly supported by the Hudson's Bay Company. Long before there was any missionary effort in the Canadian Northwest, the Company was evincing a lively concern regarding the education of the children of its servants, and when the Rev. John West passed through Fort York in 1820 on his way to take up his position as Company chaplain at the Red River Settlement, he learned from the Governor that the Company had sent several schoolmasters out, but that all "were unhappily diverted from their original purpose, and became engaged as fur traders." Company records show that in 1808 there arrived at Fort York three young dominies, Peter Sinclair, George Geddes, and James Clouston. The Company was paying them £30 a year as school teachers, but they soon forsook teaching for trading. When I think of Fort York in 1808 I have not the heart to blame them or their fellow renegade ushers!

Thus the early schools of Rupert's Land were confined to the posts and were spasmodic and unsuccessful. The tools were the ushers, and they turned in the Company's hands. They turned into traders.

But the Selkirk Settlement saw the beginning of a new era in education in the Northwest, and the demise of the Montreal Company in 1821 was to accelerate that development, at the same time imparting to it a particular pattern. As one would expect, Lord Selkirk was concerned about the spiritual and intellectual welfare of his settlers. His letters to Governor Macdonnell show his lively interest:

"The settlers who are now going out [1813] have expressed much anxiety about the means of education for their children. There is so much of a laudable spirit in their desire that it must be attended to, and it is in every view, time that a school should be established."

Education and religion went together in those days, and the Settlement had its usual run of misfortune in this respect as well as in their more temporal affairs. The make-up of the Settlement was partly Irish Catholic and partly Scots Presbyterian; so Selkirk had arranged for an Irish priest and a Scots licentiate to serve the spiritual and educational needs of the people. The Irish priest only got as far as Fort York before he went home, and the Scotsman did not even sail. So Kenneth McRae was made educational supervisor for the colony. He was not an unsuitable choice, as this letter from Selkirk to Governor Macdonnell shows:

"K. McRae has the improved [teaching] method of Jos. Lancaster. Get a young man of cool temper to assist him as master. Teach them to read and write their native tongue [the Gaelic]. I care not how little they learn of the language of the Yankees."

The first school in the Canadian West was opened on January 16, 1815. The schoolmaster was a Selkirk Settler, a Scotch Presbyterian called John Matheson. Governor Macdonnell reported this proudly to Lord Selkirk, but his pride was premature. The conflict between the Settlement and the North West Company caused the school to be closed within three months, and Macdonnell was led away a prisoner. It was to be nearly forty years before the Scots again asserted their genius for education, and meanwhile the French and English patterns of education dominated the scene. The French-Canadian priests and the Anglican clergy were to pay constant tribute during these formative years to the active beneficence of the Company, without whose good offices and money grants their educational programmes would have been seriously retarded.

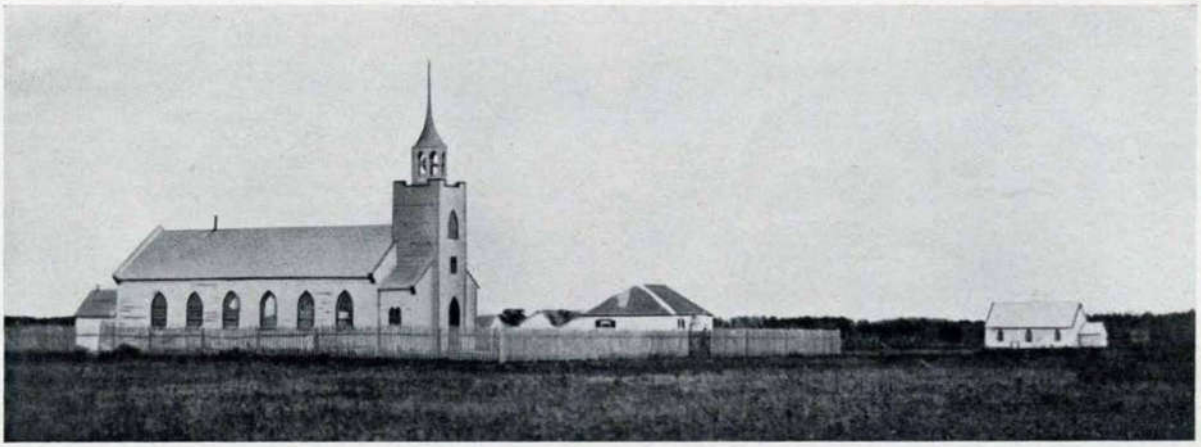
The early mishaps and disasters of the Selkirk Settlers would have overwhelmed lesser men, but by 1820 they were set fair, and the Scots and Irish added an enduring leaven to the Red River community. The French were already settled along their river strips, and their unions with the Indians had made them an indigenous part of the settlement. Moreover, when the North West Company merged with the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821, more and more of the Company servants began to regard the Settlement as a happy place where they could retire rather than face the long voyage home to the Orkneys, where their Canadian ways of life were out of place. The merger had also displaced many more servants, and these also were settled by the Company along the banks of the Red River. Altogether it has been estimated that by 1830 there was a population of about five thousand people. Most of these were half-breeds, except of course for the Selkirk settlers, and by 1870 the population had increased to about twelve thousand, of whom less than five hundred did not consider themselves as Metis.

As early as 1825, Alexander Ross comments on the placid and tranquil atmosphere of the colony, and it was in this atmosphere and among these people that schools were to rise, which show a later generation how tolerance and education could proceed together in a community made up of diverse racial elements and different religious beliefs. However great was the improvement in school buildings, in the technique of education, after Confederation, the later schools of Manitoba could never excel the record of the early Red River schools in what must always be a fundamental principle of education—the art of living peacefully together in a community, of maintaining cultural and social diversities in an overall unity.

It is not my intention to pretend that it was all Utopian and idyllic. The Reverend John West would bemoan the dourness of the Scotsmen, and Alexander Ross would tartly remind the clergy of the superiority of a Covenanting minister. The most delightful bickering went on, through the medium of a bewildered half-breed, between the Anglican and Catholic clergymen. John West relates it testily in his journal. It seems that he would visit a half-breed family and leave with them an Authorised Version of the Bible. No sooner had he left than Father Provencher would pop in and write on the fly-leaf certain derogatory remarks about the Anglican methods of instruction, which, of course, were always shown to the clergyman on his next visit to that abode, and which he found very provoking!

The first Red River school was established by Father (later Bishop) Provencher at St. Boniface in September 1818. Lord Selkirk had urged Bishop Plessis of Quebec to send out a priest to minister to the people of the valley, and his pleading was buttressed by a petition from Red River that was witnessed by a principal clerk of the Hudson's Bay Company, Pierre Pambrun. Father Provencher arrived in June 1818. He was accompanied by Father Dumoulin and young Guillaume Edge, and with seven canoes of Canadian recruits for the Hudson's Bay Company led by John McLeod. Father Provencher soon impressed an educated young Canadian into his service, and this young man, Legacé, was presently running a successful school for the freemen of the plains. By 1827 there were four Catholic schools established along the Red River, and the solid basis had been laid for their successful development. There were two schools at St. Boniface, one elementary and the other more advanced; there was one at St. Francois Xavier, and there was Legacé's institution on the plains. Provencher early won the esteem and the practical support of the Company. In 1825 George Simpson wrote to him: "I shall be very happy to

St. Paul's Anglican Church, Parsonage and School House, eight and one half miles below Fort Garry. A photo taken by H. L. Hime in 1857-8. Public Archives of Canada.



John West, first Church of England missionary in Rupert's Land, who established the first Protestant school at the Red River Settlement in 1820. From an oil painting owned by the Diocese of Rupert's Land.

Bishop Provencher, who established the first Red River school at St. Boniface in September 1818. His first school master was a young French-Canadian named Legacé.

inform the Committee in London of the important service that the mission renders the country," and a little later in the same year it was resolved at a Company meeting at York Factory to give to Provencher £50 and a variety of table goods because of the "great benefits being experienced from the benevolent and indefatigable exertions of the Catholic mission at Red River . . [it] has been uniformly directed to the best interests of the Settlement and the country at large."

In 1830 Bishop Provencher gratefully records a gift of £100 from Governor Simpson, and in 1844 he proudly travelled back from Montreal with Sir George in the Governor's personal canoe.

At the London enquiry in 1857 the Company's aid to the missions is listed when Sir George Simpson is called upon to give evidence. When the value of the 1850 pound sterling is remembered, these financial aids will be seen to be considerably more than would at first appear, and even by modern currency evaluation the grants are far in excess of what one would expect a commercial enterprise to contribute to education. These grants in aid of education were not made sporadically, nor were they the result of an individual's benevolence. They were made annually, and were a part of Company expenditure. The evidence is interesting, in view of some contemporary outcry against the Company's monopoly. Sir George is being questioned:

"*Q.* You stated that there were schools established in the Country, at the Red River Settlement for instance? *A.* Yes.

"*Q.* Are [the schools] still maintained [by the Church missions]? *A.* They are still maintained by them, and assisted by the Hudson's Bay Company. . . . There is a money grant of £300 per annum to the [Anglican] Bishop. . . . There is £100 in aid of schools, there is £150 to the chaplain at Red River; £50 at York; £50 at Moose; £50 at East Main; £200 in aid of the schools at Fort Victoria; to the Roman Catholic mission at Red River £100; to the Roman Catholic mission at Oregon, £100; on the Gulf of St. Lawrence 100 guineas; to the Wesleyan mission at Norway House, £50; at Oxford House, £50; Rainy Lake, £50; Saskatchewan, £20; and the Presbyterian chaplain at Red River, £50. . . . Out of the funds of the Hudson's Bay Company . . . exclusively. . . . They usually get free passages.

"*Q.* Are these salaries paid to them as chaplains or as schoolmasters? *A.* They are [paid] in the dual capacity . . . but they usually do keep school. We exercise no control over them."

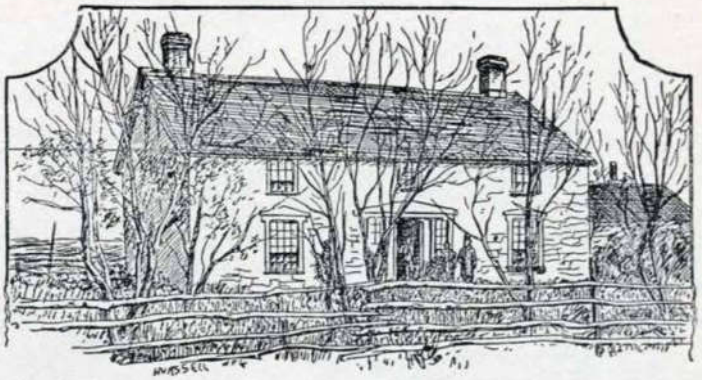
The Anglican school system is even more interesting and enthralling than the Catholic system, because the Company was more immediately concerned. It was Company enterprise that began the splendid Anglican endeavour. The Reverend John West arrived at the Red River Settlement in 1820: "On the 14th of October we reached the Settlement. . . . Almost every inhabitant we passed had a gun on his shoulder and all appeared in a wild and hunterlike state. The colonists were a compound of individuals from various countries. They were principally Canadians and Germans of the Meuron Regiment who were discharged in Canada. . . . and were mostly Catholics. There was a large population of Scotch emigrants also, who with some retired servants of the Hudson's Bay Company were chiefly Protestants. There was . . . no Protestant manse, church or schoolhouse . . . and soon after my arrival I got a loghouse repaired about three miles below the Fort [Douglas] among the Scotch population, where the

schoolmaster took up his abode, and began teaching from twenty to twenty-five of the children."

Mr. Harbidge was the first schoolmaster, and in 1822 he took over the second school established by Mr. West, near the site of the present St. John's Cathedral. By 1844 there were nine Anglican schools, with a total enrolment of five hundred pupils. While the first endeavour was confined to an elementary educational system, an obvious result was to produce a demand for a higher system of education to satisfy the scholastic appetites of the successful graduates of the elementary system. The second school founded by Mr. West, after various vicissitudes, became the present St. John's College; and in a somewhat similar fashion there arose in the Catholic system the College of St. Boniface. Both of these institutions are today constituent colleges of the University of Manitoba.

Nor was the education of the girls neglected. The Rev. Mr. Jones succeeded the Rev. John West as Company chaplain in 1824, and in 1829 his wife began a girl's school primarily for the daughters of the Hudson's Bay officers. In the same year Miss Angelique Nolin opened a girl's school in St. Boniface, and in 1844 four Grey Nuns from Montreal arrived to open the present collegiate institute of St. Joseph's Academy. The practical arts of weaving and quilting were not forgotten, and in 1838 Governor Simpson began to pay the wages of two weaving instructors who taught this handicraft to the children of St. Boniface, where they were lodged by Bishop Provencher.

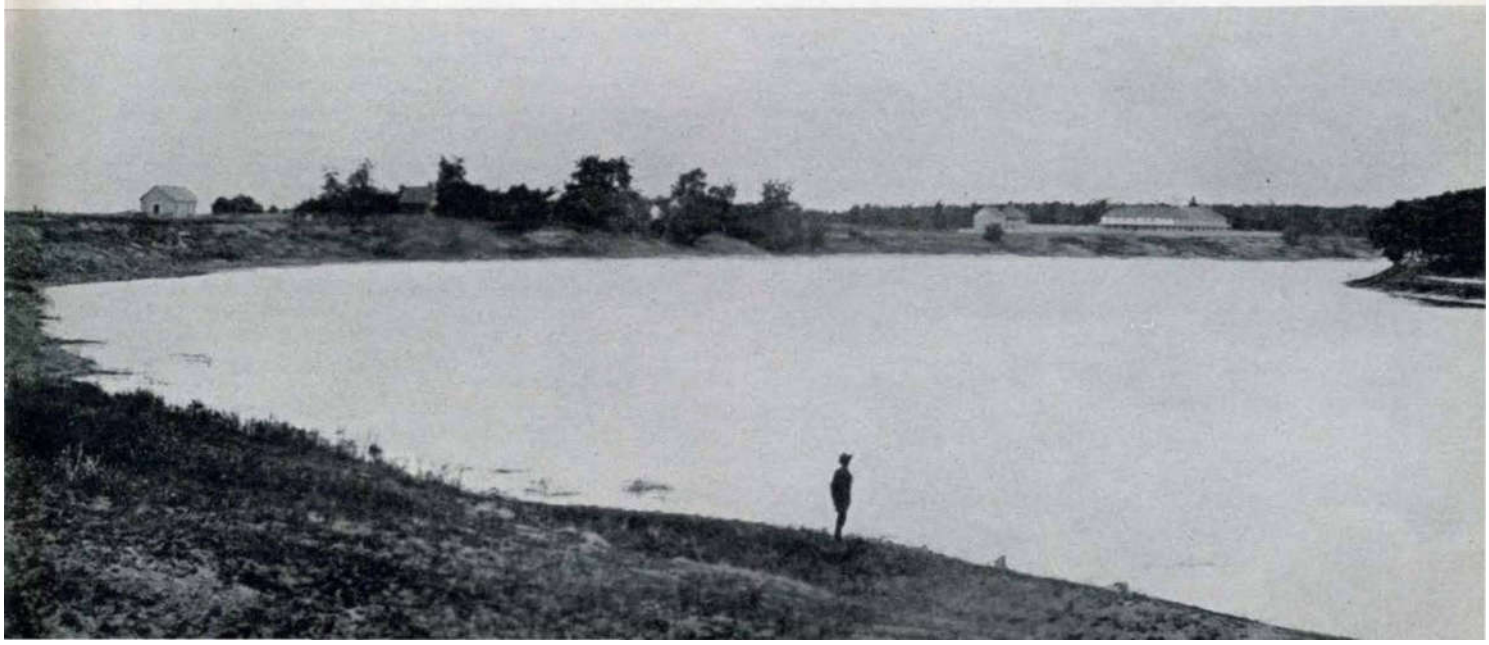
Despite many appeals and petitions, the Scots were left without a Presbyterian minister until 1851. They attended the Anglican services until that date, and until 1847 their children attended the Anglican schools, but in that year a number of Scotch Presbyterians in the Kildonan area organized a school district, and John Inkster was appointed as teacher. Although it started in a dwelling house, within two years it was housed in a log schoolroom, and by 1864 a stone schoolhouse was provided on the property designated by Lord Selkirk for that purpose. The school antedated the minister in this instance, and secular control was maintained even after the arrival of the Rev. John Black in 1851. By 1869 the Kildonan pupils needed further instruction, and upon the basis of this demand Manitoba College was established in 1871.

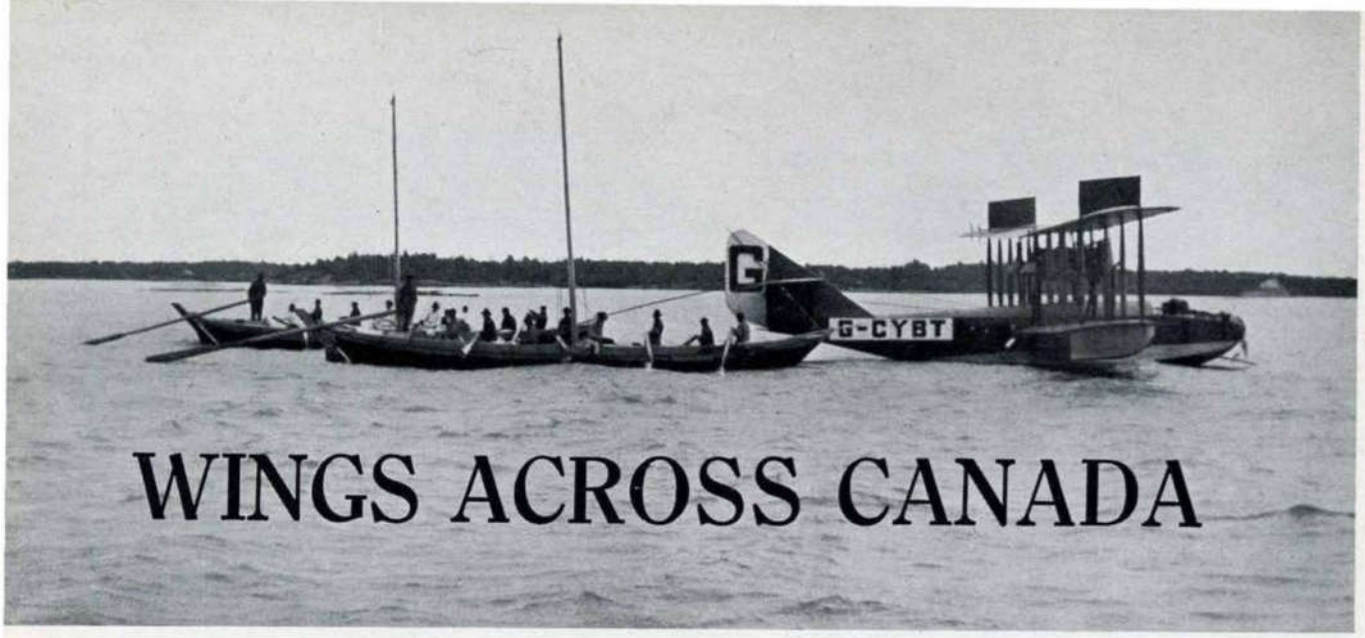


The first Manitoba College (Presbyterian) opened at Kildonan, November 10, 1871. From Seaman's "Manitoba."

This brief attempt to tell the story of the early schools does not complete the picture. There were various private educational institutions which flourished and failed, but their story does not affect the main story, which shows that by the time the Company handed over its trusteeship a school system had been established that could hardly have been bettered in such circumstances. The missionary endeavour and the generosity of the Company worked harmoniously together to establish schools that were suited to the environment of the Red River Valley. There is a tolerance and sense of security in this early educational scene that were to be rudely shattered when the Company handed over Rupert's Land to the Crown. By 1890 the schools of Manitoba were to be a major factor in politics, and to the impartial observer their state in the Company days was to seem comparatively idyllic. While that would be an exaggeration, it is true to say that, regarding the schools of the Red River, the Hudson's Bay Company played an honourable and generous part in their development.

Old St. John's College School is the large building on the right. The two a little to the left are Divinity Hall and the gym. On the extreme left is the original building where S. P. Matheson, later Archbishop of Rupert's Land, and John Norquay, later Premier of Manitoba, received their early schooling. Photo taken probably in the 1880's. Manitoba Provincial Library.





WINGS ACROSS CANADA

The flying boat which carried the first air mail from Rivière du Loup to Winnipeg is taken in tow by York boats at Norway House.

How the Canadian Air Force carried the first air mail from Halifax to Vancouver in 1920

By Frank H. Ellis

IN the late summer of 1920, the Canadian Air Board decided to sponsor a flight across the Dominion for the purpose of learning the possibilities of aerial transportation from coast to coast, to which Canada seemed so adequately suited. All flying and ground personnel to conduct the flight were drawn from the Canadian Air Force. (The "Royal" prefix was not added until April 1923.)

A number of aircraft were allotted for the undertaking, and the wheel-equipped machines—De Havilland's with 400 h.p. Liberty engines—which were slated to make the hops west of Winnipeg were shipped by rail from Camp Borden to the prairie points from which they were to go into action when their turn came. All Air Force airplanes then bore registration lettering similar to civilian aircraft markings, and, to give the project a commercial rather than a military aspect, all the pilots wore civilian garb.

The original plan called for the use of a *Fairey* seaplane to make a single non-stop hop between Halifax and Winnipeg. The machine was one which originally had been specially built in England by private enterprise and shipped to Newfoundland with the intention of attempting a trans-Atlantic flight; but that project had been cancelled after the successful accomplishment of Alcock and Brown. For the Canadian flight, the craft was shipped from Newfoundland to Vickers Limited at Montreal, and Major Basil D. Hobbs, D.S.O., D.F.C., who was detailed to pilot it, was on hand to supervise its erection and preparation. Tests after the seaplane was rigged proved most unsatisfactory, and it would not lift from the water with the heavy load it was supposed to take.

After much delay, Hobbs and his passenger, Lieut.-Col. (later Air Marshal) Robert Leckie, D.S.O., D.S.C. D.F.C., director of flying operations of the Air Board, set off from Montreal on October 4 for Halifax. After being forced to land on the St. John River, they arrived at the Nova Scotian capital on the 5th.

Preparations were made with the hope of flying to Winnipeg non-stop, but with all their skill as pilots, the seaplane could not be induced to lift from the sea with its heavy load. Plans then were modified, and with a reduced load of fuel they hoped to make Ottawa in one hop.

On October 7, 1920, the ambitious trans-Canada flight actually began. The airmen took along a small pouch containing a number of letters from Mayor J. S. Parker of Halifax, addressed to provincial and civic officials en route. As they flew low over St. John, N.B., mail was dropped, addressed to the mayor. Fifteen minutes later, as they followed up the St. John River, trouble developed in earnest; the cowling over the engine broke away, carrying with it a pump and oil pipes, smothering the airmen in gas and oil so that a landing became an immediate necessity. The heavily laden machine proved too much of a load for the floats as it settled to the river surface, and in the resultant crack-up the unfortunate *Fairey* became a total loss. Luckily neither airman was injured.

Without delay another machine was requisitioned by telephone from Halifax, and one of the service aircraft was dispatched to the scene, piloted by the commanding officer of the air station, Major (later Air Vice-Marshal) A. B. Shearer. The craft was one of the good old reliable, single engined H.S.2L flying boats, of the type which did such wonderful fire patrol protection work in eastern Canada in the late '20's.

Hobbs and Leckie immediately took charge of the ship on Shearer's arrival, and taking off late in the afternoon, they arrived at Rivière du Loup at 10 p.m. to land on the St. Lawrence river in darkness and a driving storm.

There they transferred to a large F3, twin-engined flying boat, originally built for war-time Atlantic patrol duty. Air Foreman Mechanic Heath joined them at this point as engineer, and they set off for Ottawa at 6.15 a.m. Stops were not made at Que-

bec or Montreal, but they circled the air station near the latter city before continuing up river to reach the Dominion's capital at noon.

Due ceremony was held at Ottawa to mark their arrival, and the airmen were greeted by Col. Biggar, head of the Air Board, and other officials. At Ottawa the airmen had 820 miles behind them, which was a very creditable beginning.

At 8.30 a.m. on the 9th they were on the wing again. The crew number had been raised to four by the addition of Capt. (later Air Vice-Marshal) G. O. Johnson, who became navigator to guide the flight over the long route to Winnipeg, much of which at that time had never been viewed from an airplane before. Still following along the historic route used by the canoes of the early fur flotillas, they flew nor'west up the long reaches of the Ottawa River to the mouth of the Mattawa River, where they swung due west, with the town of North Bay on the east end of Lake Nipissing as their objective. Refuelling there, they had 250 miles to go to reach Sault Ste. Marie. They headed across the lake to the point of its entrance into the French River, and that well travelled waterway with its many falls and rapids was kept beneath them until they reached its delta on Georgian Bay. From there on, their course lay close along the northern shore of Lake Huron to St. Mary's River and on to the Soo itself, where they landed at 5 p.m.

They were in a hurry, and quickly refuelling, they taxied out to midstream and took off with the intention of flying directly across Lake Superior into the moonlit night; but a heavy pall of fog settled over the waters almost as soon as they were in the air; so in the interest of safety they landed on the river several miles downstream.

At sunrise on Sunday, the 10th, they were in the air again, with Kenora their next planned stop; and they reached that well known summer resort after an uneventful flight across the greatest of the Great Lakes, having accomplished the first air crossing of that large body of water.

Continuing along the old fur trade route, they flew down the Winnipeg River to Lake Winnipeg, there to turn due south to the Red River. By this time darkness had settled over the land, and as the river mists were beginning to rise and thicken with every passing minute, the decision was made to land at Selkirk rather than attempt to make Winnipeg. Even so, disaster was narrowly averted when a large dredge, anchored in mid-stream, suddenly loomed out of the darkness as they were landing, and Hobbs managed to avoid it only by inches as he set the big F3 down safely at precisely 7.40 p.m.

Leckie and Hobbs then proceeded to Winnipeg by electric railway, taking along the precious mail bag, so that it could be carried westward early the following morning by Capt. Home-Hay, who was to fly the next leg of the flight west in a De Havilland machine.

This completed the duties allocated to the big flying boat and its crew, and Leckie and Hobbs went by train to Vancouver to await the final outcome of the flight.

To accomplish the western half of the flight, the task was in the hands of three capable pilots, each with a machine at his disposal. A spare machine was also held in reserve at Winnipeg in charge of Capt. Pitt. Three of the D.H.'s had reached Winnipeg by rail in September, and had been assembled and readied for flight at the St. Charles aerodrome of the Canadian Aircraft Co. Limited situated several miles west of the city on Portage Avenue. But during a test flight on September 30, Pitt's machine was put out of commission.

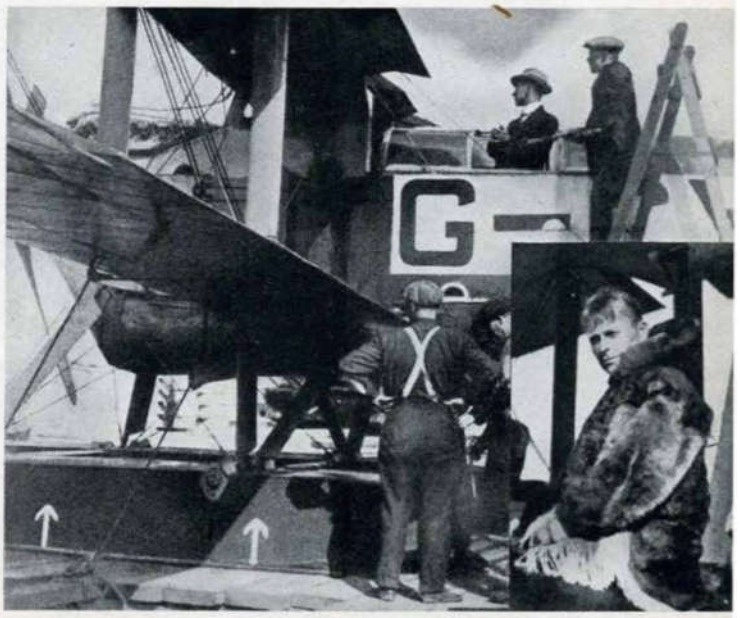
On October 9, the D.H. machine, G-CYAJ, to be used on the Moose Jaw-Calgary lap, left the St. Charles aerodrome at Winnipeg, piloted by Capt. C. W. Cudamore, with Sgt. Young aboard as passenger, and they reached Moose Jaw without incident to await the work ahead.

The official passenger to be carried over the route from Winnipeg to Vancouver was Lieut.-Col. Arthur Tylee, commanding officer of the Canadian Air Force, who also took charge of the mail bag brought in from Selkirk by Leckie. At 4.52 a.m. on October 11, Home-Hay left the St. Charles flying field with Tylee, aboard G-CYAN, en route for Moose Jaw. Daylight was still many hours away, and as the powerfully engined ship rose into the night air, the thunder of its "400 horses" awoke deep echoes over the sleeping countryside. This I can personally vouch for. I was on the staff of the Canadian Aircraft Company at that time, and was one of the group of shivering spectators who stood by to watch that pre-dawn takeoff.

It was the only incident I was privileged to witness in connection with the 1920 trans-Canada flight, but one thing which impressed me greatly was the determination shown by all personnel who took part to keep on the wing westward without delay. Storm or shine, day or night, meant nothing to them, providing conditions allowed them to fly at all, and the fine efforts they all made proved them beyond doubt to be the veteran flyers they were.

All went well with Home-Hay and Tylee until they were over Regina at 8.30 a.m.; then engine trouble developed and they were forced to go down to a landing near the Aerial Service Company's field, just beyond the city. As the trouble could not be remedied at once and the stand-by machine had cracked up at Winnipeg, their only recourse was to

Lieut.-Col. (later Air Marshal) Leckie and Major Hobbs (on ladder) inspect the Fairey seaplane at Montreal, prior to flying it to Halifax for the start of the trans-Canada flight. Inset: Basil Hobbs in Eskimo costume.



send a rush S.O.S. telephone call to Cudamore at Moose Jaw to come to their aid. With Sgt. Young, Cudamore reached Regina without much delay, and Tylee hopped into the seat then vacated by the sergeant. Cudamore wasted no time in getting away and soon was winging westward, leaving Home-Hay and Young behind to await repairs to unlucky G-CYAN.

A large crowd had gathered at the Moose Jaw field in anticipated arrival of the airmen, but owing to the delay experienced at Regina, and due to the fact that he already had Tylee tucked safely aboard, Cudamore passed right over the city and sped westward without stopping, much to the chagrin of the townsfolk who waited so patiently below.

On arrival at Calgary, a landing was made on the open prairie at Bowness, from where the final hop across the Rockies was to begin. Waiting to greet them there was Capt. G. A. Thompson (now superintendent, B.C. district, C.P.A.L.), with a D.H. machine bearing registration G-CYBF. Thompson's aircraft had been shipped direct from Camp Borden to a temporary Air Force station set up at Morley, Alberta, and after being rigged and test flown there, the pilot had hopped to Bowness to await the air onslaught on the Rockies. Weather conditions were becoming something to shudder at, with reports of storms and snow coming in from all sections of the projected air route, and this prevented any attempt on the 12th. On the 13th it cleared enough so that the airmen had a sufficient excuse to take-off, although weather reports ahead were vile, and at 11.55 Thompson and Tylee started on their daring attempt to reach the Pacific coast by air, an east to west flight which had not yet been accomplished.

Following up the Bow River, they passed directly over Banff, and on up the great mountain girded valley to the Kicking Horse Pass, where the Canadian Pacific Railway penetrated first by rail in 1885. They were sighted at Field, B.C., at 1.30 p.m., and at Golden 30 minutes after. Bucking hurricane winds, they passed over Revelstoke an hour and twenty-five minutes later, and thus they earned everlasting fame as the first men to conquer the mighty bulwark of the Selkirks by air. Then the weather closed down on them, and fierce snow storms were encountered. People on the ground at Vernon heard the sound of their engine, but heavy clouds obscured the entire sky. After flying blind in this manner for what must have seemed an eternity in that peak ridden area, Thompson turned the craft back the way he had come, and sighting Revelstoke, he made a good landing at Sam Crowe's ranch, three miles south of the city.

The 14th found them still weather bound, with dense storm clouds completely surrounding the valley in which Revelstoke lies. The ceiling reaching far down the sides of the great mountains made a get-away impossible.

On the 15th luck was with them, a break in the overcast appeared to the west, high over Eagle Pass, where the C.P.R. goes through. Quickly the airmen

This picture of the rocky Selkirks was taken by Lieut.-Col. Tylee as he and Captain Thompson winged towards Revelstoke.

The aircraft carrying Tylee and Thompson comes to rest in a meadow near Revelstoke. In the background are the mist shrouded Selkirks. Inset: G. A. Thompson, pilot.

bid their friends good-bye, and just before noon they soared out of the valley and vanished over the heights, just as the cloud ceiling settled down once again in a black, impenetrable mass. The plane was spotted from Sicamous, B.C., going over at a great height, and at 12.21 the people of the town of Salmon Arm heard it going over. After a violently rough and danger-fraught passage, the "two T's" landed at Merritt, an hour and a quarter out of Revelstoke. At Merritt they were forced to remain grounded until the 17th, as clouds enveloped everything and it was impossible to set a course to fly through the Coquahalla Pass.

At 7.50 a.m. on Sunday the 17th, a break came at last. Although conditions were still desperately poor, the airmen decided to take a chance on getting through, and in a rift in the clouds they sped through the pass with only seconds to spare.

Flying onward in heavy rain, they sighted the Fraser River. Down this they followed a hectic course only a few feet above its boiling surface, twisting and turning through the canyons with every bend of the river, the cloud ceiling pinning them down, as the tops of the canyon walls were hidden in the mists. A forced landing under those circumstances would have spelled sudden and complete disaster, but at last, through the lashing rain, they spotted the town of Agassiz off to starboard, and they went down to a landing in a nearby field to obtain an additional fuel supply.

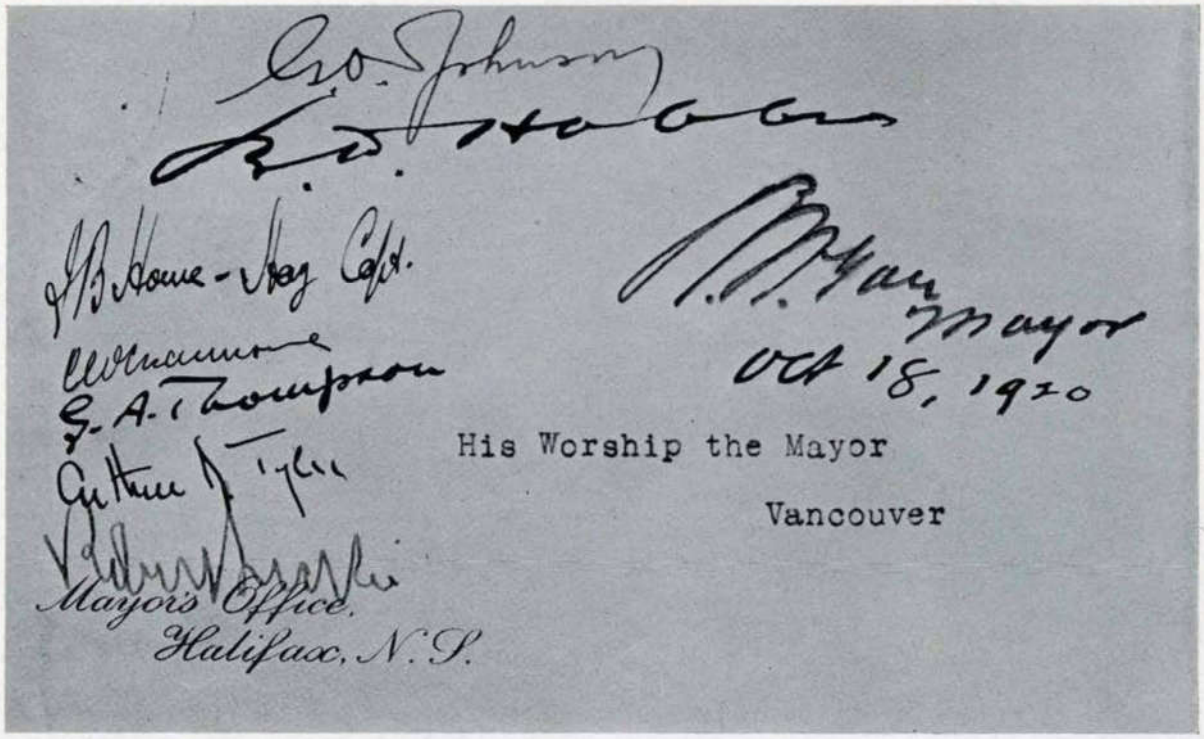
They were not delayed long, and soon were on the last hop, which was to bring success to the entire trans-Canada flight undertaking. After a quick flight westward from Agassiz over the broad farming lands of the Fraser valley, Thompson set the wheels of the machine down on the infield of the Brighouse race track at Lulu Island, in a driving rain storm, with the area under six inches of water, and thus at 11.10 a.m. on October 17, the great endeavour came to an official end.

The total air distance from Halifax to Vancouver was calculated officially by the Air Board at 3,265 miles, made in a flying time of close to forty-five hours, over an elapsed period of ten days. Considering the time of year and the weather involved, and that it was a pioneer effort, it was good going indeed.

Vancouver extended a luncheon to honour the airmen, but throughout the Dominion as a whole the trans-Canada flight aroused little interest because it did not receive the publicity it justly deserved, and instead of becoming one of the country's epic flying achievements, it has drifted off almost into oblivion.

The precious air mail carried so faithfully across the country increased somewhat as the planes progressed westward, as letters addressed to Mayor R. H. Gale of Vancouver were added from the offices of the

Lieut.-Col. Arthur Tylee stands by the De Havilland biplane G-CYBF in which he and Thompson flew from Calgary to Victoria on the first east-to-west crossing of the Rockies by air. E. Dickie.



Signed by all the pilots who assisted in flying it across Canada, and by its recipient, Mayor H. R. Gale of Vancouver, this historic first flight envelope is in the possession of the author. Only one other similar envelope from Halifax to Vancouver is known to exist. It is now in the hands of Major J. S. Matthews, Vancouver City archivist, as are five other envelopes from Winnipeg, Regina, Moose Jaw, Calgary and Revelstoke.

Mayors of Winnipeg, Regina, Moose Jaw, Calgary and Revelstoke, as well as a few to individual citizens, and in due course the letters were handed or dispatched to their respective addressees.

What became of all those rare envelopes which made the first flight across the Dominion? Had any survived? I decided to find out, and although the search was long, the outcome can now be quickly told. Some years ago, in conjunction with research I have been conducting relating to pioneer and other outstanding flying in Canada, I set out to seek them. At first it seemed hopeless; apparently they had vanished without a trace. Gradually each individual who had received such missives was traced, or their next-of-kin were located, and all in turn were personally contacted. Time and again results were negative, and several had forgotten they had ever received such letters, much less could they remember where they had gone. Eventually I located the first envelope to be found, one flown from Halifax to Vancouver, bearing all the pilots' signatures, and this is now in my possession.

Continuing the search, the trail at long last led me to the Vancouver City Hall, and Comptroller Frank Jones became interested in my mission. Through his courtesy a thorough search of the filing vaults was made, and wonder of wonders, the entire set of six envelopes and letters received by Mayor Gale from eastern points was found intact, all carefully pinned together. Vancouver and the nation at large owes a debt of gratitude to the clerk who so carefully preserved them, whose name unfortunately is forgotten. All the envelopes bear the signatures of the pilots involved, and they are of inestimable value from an historical standpoint. They may have considerable monetary value as well, but as they earned their wings without the official blessing of the postal department, they are not listed in any of the world's stamp catalogues, and their worth is therefore problematical.

The city-owned letters and envelopes have been placed in the care of Major J. S. Matthews, City Archivist, so the originals of Canada's first coast-to-coast air mail are now assured of a safe haven for all time.

On October 21, Thompson and Tylee flew from Vancouver across the Gulf of Georgia to Vancouver Island, landing at Uplands, near Victoria, the flight being made to complete the entire undertaking in a truly trans-Canada manner.

During a luncheon at Winnipeg shortly after the flight, a foresighted utterance by Lieut.-Col. Leckie, who later became Chief of Air Staff, R.C.A.F., is worthy of repetition. He said: "The trans-Canada flight is not an attempt to go after a record, or to do 'stunts,' it is merely a demonstration of the feasibility of using the air route for the carriage of mails across Canada. The flying time will show that the trip can be made much more rapidly by air than any other way and succeeding trials will be even more successful." Prophetic words indeed, but it required almost two decades before it became a fully established fact.

The D.H.'s used on the prairies went back to Borden by train, but the big twin-engined F3 was dismantled and remained in storage at Winnipeg during the winter of 1920-21. In the summer of '21 it was re-rigged, and flying from several small bases on Lake Winnipeg it pioneered in aerial photography and forest patrol work in that area. Piloted by Hobbs, it penetrated as far north as Norway House, to become the first aircraft to visit that northern post.

A bull seal (right) with part of his harem. The cow in the foreground is nuzzling her newborn pup (not calf).

FUR SEALS OF THE PRIBILOFS

by Violet H. Wilson

Photos by G. Clifford Carl

FAR to the west in the Bering Sea, lie the two little islands of St. Paul and St. George, more usually referred to as the Pribilofs. These islands were quite unknown to the world until Gavrillo Pribilof discovered them in 1786. At that time many seals were slaughtered at sea as they made their way up the west coast of America on their annual northern migration. Pribilof, the Russian captain of a sealing vessel, watched the great shoals of these animals on their northern flight and wondered about their destination. He felt the seals must be moving towards a definite resting place and he made up his mind to find it. His search led him eventually to the islands now known by his name.

Pribilof, however, was not the first man to land on these islands. In one of the many caves on their rocky shores he found the remains of a camp fire, the copper hilt of a sword and an old clay pipe. Who that early traveller was has never been discovered. To us, the important point of Pribilof's discovery is that he had found the mating ground of the Alaskan fur seal (*Callorhinus ursinus*). For many years after the discovery of the islands, the helpless seals upon them were slaughtered mercilessly. In some years as many as 800,000 pelts were taken. The results of this indiscriminate killing were soon seen in a depleted stock.

When Russia sold Alaska in 1867, she also relinquished her claims to the Pribilof Islands. In 1911 a treaty was signed by Canada, Japan and the United States, in which the three countries agreed, first, to share in a controlled catch of the seals on the Pribilof Islands, and second, that sealing on the high seas should cease. Russia, too, signed this agreement, but as she possessed other sealing islands she made no claim to the catch of the Pribilofs. Just before Pearl Harbour Japan abrogated the treaty, claiming that it interfered with her commercial fisheries; so Canada

Hailing as he does from southern California, this bull feels constrained to do a little "mugging" for the camera.

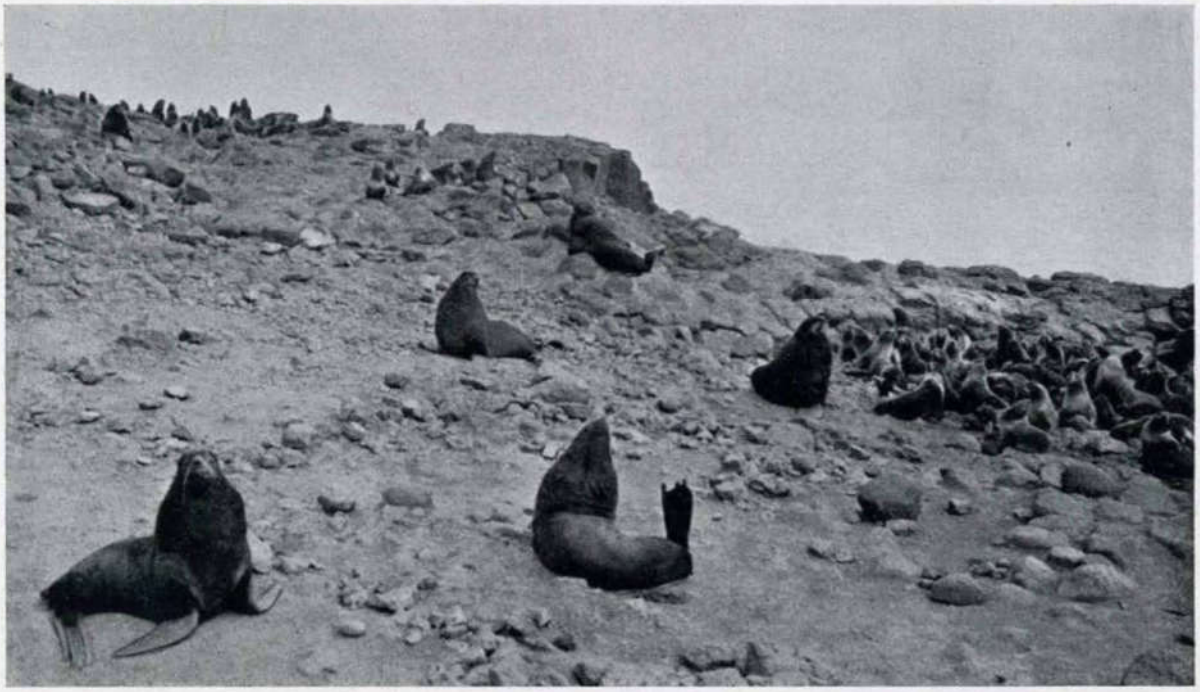
now receives twenty percent of the annual catch, the remainder going to the United States. Last year Canada's share was valued at over a million dollars. This is obviously an important industry, of increasing interest to Canadians. On the invitation of the American Government, last year for the first time Canada sent two of her scientists to observe and report on life and conditions on the islands. Dr. Clifford Carl, of the British Columbia Provincial Museum, and Dr. Georges Prefontaine, of the University of Montreal, were chosen for this interesting work. The two men made the eleven-day voyage from Seattle in the United States Fish and Wildlife motor ship, *Penguin*, but so contrary, so uncertain are the tides and so heavy the fogs surrounding the islands that it took them four days more to make the return trip. Rocky and bare of trees, the islands have a population of about ten white families and approximately four hundred Aleuts. These latter are mostly of mixed blood.

The Alaskan fur seals spend most of their lives along the west coast of North America, roaming from Southern California to Alaska. When spring calls, they start for the North in order that the females may give birth to their young on the rocky, misty islands that they love. The bulls, who are the first to arrive, at once claim certain definite spots of ground as their own. The older and bigger ones, by force of strong jaws and sharp teeth, naturally get the better spots and woe betide the trespasser! When the already pregnant females arrive, each bull segregates a certain number of them on his own particular plot of ground. A mature bull may have as many as one hundred females in his harem, but thirty or forty is the average number. After the pups are born, mating takes place. From then on the female must fend for herself. This often necessitates a mother being away from her pup for as long as ten days at a time, while she travels, sometimes five hundred miles or more, fishing, feeding and storing up milk for her pup. Until quite lately it was thought that the gestation period for the seal was twelve months. Now it is known that the embryo lies dormant for three months before it begins to develop—another of those marvellous adaptations of nature to an animal's needs. In this case it enables the female seal to mate and give birth to her pup in the same season on these faraway rocky islands. But that nice old superstition that a mother seal teaches her pup to swim has unfortunately been exploded. Dr. Carl says he watched a new born pup thrown experimentally into a tank of water. With a little difficulty at first in keeping his nose up, and with a good deal of gasping and snuffling, the pup still was swimming in less than a minute and continued to swim for more than twenty minutes with no apparent signs of exhaustion.

It is the three-year-old males who provide all the pelts, and last year sixty-five thousand of them were killed. They are slaughtered quite painlessly with a hard blow on their thin skulls. After cleaning and curing, the skins are packed in stamped and numbered barrels, and by agreement every fifth barrel is allotted to Canada. Most of the Canadian skins are then sent to London for processing. A seal skin in the raw state is worth about fifteen dollars, but after it has passed through the more than one hundred intricate processes required to prepare it for the market it fetches from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty dollars, depending on the size, quality, etc.

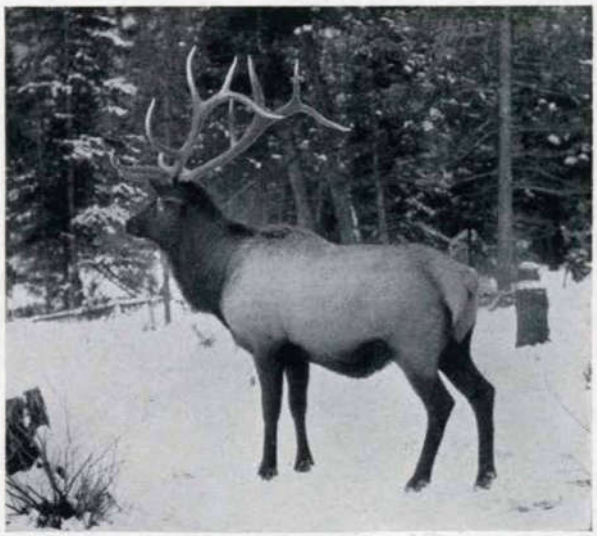
Apart from this regulated kill, our native Indians are the only people in Canada permitted to hunt the seal, but as they are required to do so in their traditional manner, in canoes with arrows or spears, their catch is never very large. Through the protection afforded by the international agreement, the Alaskan fur seal is on the increase, and with them will increase Canada's share of the catch.

The bachelor seals on the left sulk disconsolately, while the successful bull scornfully turns his back on them.



Here and There

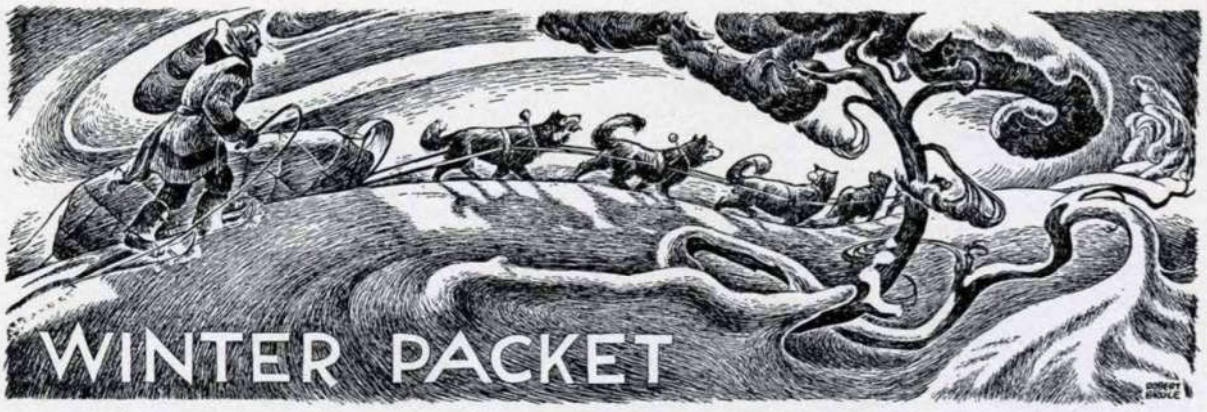
This picture of the H B C Calgary store beauty contest held at an outing last summer is simply an attempt to please those readers who complain there are too many natives and too much ice and snow in our pages. (The winner, by the way, was Miss Coffee Shop.)



Above: A Pangnirtung Eskimo ices the runners of his komatik by squirting water over them from his mouth. N. Ross.

Right: Indians unpacking their toboggans at Kanaaupscow post in central Quebec. G. Speers.

Upper right: Bull wapiti in B.C. W. F. Montgomery.



Gone Below

The *Nascopie* has gone to her grave at last. On September 25, a little over two months after she struck, her back was broken in a storm, and her half-submerged fore part slid off into deep water. Her after part still clung tenaciously to the reef; but on October 15 another storm struck it, and all that was left of her plunged out of sight beneath the waves.

Faster and Faster

In connection with the first air-mail flight across Canada, described on pages 38 to 42 of this issue, it is notable that on October 13, this year, a Trans-Canada Air Lines "North Star" flew from Vancouver to Montreal in six hours and fifty-two minutes at an average speed of 342 m.p.h. The same distance was covered in 1920 by four machines in nine days, with stops at Ottawa, North Bay, Sault Ste. Marie, Kenora, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Revelstoke, and Merritt. That, of course, was considerably slower than a transcontinental train of the same period; but it was a beginning.

Today regular planes of the T.C.A. take about eighteen hours to fly from Vancouver to Montreal. A far cry from the days when George Simpson with his crew of picked paddlers left Montreal in mid-May and did not arrive on the Pacific coast until nearly the end of August. And that was not much more than a century ago.

Another remarkable example of how the airplane has speeded up business in Canada is seen in the recent Arctic inspection trip made this summer by R. H. Chesshire, general manager of the Company's fur trade department. Travelling in the H B C Canso *Polar Bear*, piloted by Harry Winny, he left Winnipeg on August 13, and flew by way of Churchill to Hudson Strait, then down to Fort McKenzie in the interior of Quebec, back to the strait, down to Port Harrison on the coast of Hudson Bay, up the coast and across the strait to Cape Dorset (where they circled over the wrecked *Nascopie*), up along the east coast of Baffin Island to Clyde, back to the strait and Southampton Island, west to Chesterfield Inlet and Baker Lake, then north across country to King William Island, and west along the coast to various western Arctic posts. From Coppermine they took a long hop to Yellowknife, up south along the Slave and Athabaska to Fort McMurray, then back to Winnipeg, arriving there less than a month after setting out, on September 12. Thirty-eight stops were made en route, and nearly nine thousand miles were covered.

Mr. Chesshire was accompanied part or all of the way by some of the section managers whose posts he inspected, including J. W. Anderson, whose annual inspection tour of Ungava Section was interrupted when the *Nascopie* was wrecked. Mr. Anderson has, in fact, seen quite a speed-up in fur trade transportation since he joined the service back in 1910.

Not Yet

For years, while the *Nascopie* was in operation, the daily press would produce a story every summer, stating that she was about to make her last voyage. And generally they succeeded in convincing almost everyone—except her owners—that she was. This year, it turned out that they were right. But if the old ship hadn't run on a reef, she would still be slated to make her annual voyage in 1948 and perhaps 1949.

Now that she has gone the attention of the newshawks has been directed to the veteran *Distributor* on the Mackenzie River, and several stories have appeared—some of them verging on the sentimental—announcing that she has gone into retirement. It is true that she will carry no more passengers (and she has carried some famous ones in her day). But it is quite possible that she will go puffing down the broad Mackenzie next summer with her barges, just as she has done for many years.

The fast new *Pelican Rapids*, a steel, triple-screw diesel tug built in Edmonton, was put in commission this summer, as the first of a new fleet of Company vessels which will speed transportation on the Mackenzie River system.

Contributors

G. P. ARNETT joined the Company as an apprentice in 1898, and served for ten years in all at Norway House, Nelson House, Telegraph Creek, Dease Lake and Lower Post. He is now living in retirement at Horseshoe Bay, B.C. . . . J. A. BURGESSE usually contributes ethnological articles to the *Beaver* but he is also interested in the history of the Saguenay and the country north of it. . . . A. D. COPLAND spent eighteen

years with the Company in the Arctic, mostly in the Western district, of which he was manager. He is now chicken farming near Seaforth, Ontario. . . . F. H. ELLIS is already well known to *Beaver* fans for his articles on early Canadian aviation. . . . RICHARD HARRINGTON is a free-lance outdoor photographer from Toronto, whose field of operations is Canada at large. . . . E. L. KEITHAHN is librarian and curator of the Alaska Historical Library and Museum at Juneau, Alaska. . . . Mrs. A. N. (Margaret Arnett) MACLEOD is a historian who divides her time between Winnipeg and Toronto. She is a council member of the Champlain Society, for whom she has edited the letters of Letitia Hargrave of York Factory, appearing shortly . . . Archdeacon D. B. MARSH of Aklavik accurately portrays the Canadian Arctic through his pictures and writings. . . . NICHOLAS MORANT is about the best—and the best known—outdoor photographer in Canada. . . . P. E. NOBBS of Montreal, one of the Dominion's most celebrated architects, is also a proficient outdoorsman. . . . GEORGE PENDLETON of Edmonton is particularly interested in the Mackenzie area where he formerly worked with the Hudson's Bay Company. . . . W. B. READY teaches at St. John's College and Ravenscourt School in Winnipeg. . . . W. S. WALLACE is librarian of the University of Toronto Library, president of the Champlain Society, and an authority on the North-West Company.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE NEW NORTH IN PICTURES edited by Clifford Wilson. (A book of photographs from the "Beaver.") The Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1947. 223 pages. $5.

HERE is a book that offers for the first time a truly fine collection of Canadian pictures—well displayed, well engraved, well printed. True, these are of the north country for the most part and not an all-embracing coverage of the Dominion as the average person sees it. Nevertheless it is the most worthy contribution of its type ever produced in this country and merits the attention and support of the bookstand public this season and afterwards—for it is ageless in appeal.

There are numerous subject divisions in this book's 223 pages with an absolute minimum of copy—a happy decision in one respect, but one has the feeling that Mr. Wilson, who edits the *Beaver*, assumes his readers already possess a wide knowledge of life and conditions in the North. It is unlikely that this will be the case in the instance of the great majority of folk who will buy or be reading this book. Notwithstanding the Chinese proverb, a few words of commentary on many of the pictures would have been considered anything but superfluous by most intelligent readers. The fact that too much copy would have destroyed the pictorial rhythm of the make-up of this publication and would have contradicted to some extent the title page was probably responsible for this decision.

The most popular division will likely be that devoted to Nature. There is a feast of pictures to please many an ornithologist. Lorene Squire's account for the greatest number of pictures in the book but the best quality in the bird pictures is evidenced in the works of Harper Hall and Henry Jones. What Miss Squire's pictures lack in quality is more than balanced in subject matter. The *Beaver's* collection of pictures of Eskimo life is probably unequalled in the world, and the best of these appear in this book. Those by Gontran de Poncins are the most interesting ethnologically and provide a marvellous pictorial record of how these people live. De Poncins' illustrations are not the work of a few hours off shore leave from the *Nascopie*, but came from a year's sojourn with these people, living and photographing the very lives they themselves lead.

The layout of this book is particularly appealing—good commercial art is placed to outstanding advantage in tastefully "setting out" many of the picture pages. Especially attractive are those involving a fish net, birch bark, a "point" blanket and, a sure-fire favourite with young and old, the ducklings in the "Babes of the North" feature, a pen and ink drawing by James Simpkins.

Not all the illustrations are modern, and it is interesting to note that some were made in the early 1900's, which show better photographic quality and technique, and are sharper and in many ways superior to several of those made within the past five years.

By comparison with the great part it plays in northern life and northern development, bush flying is hardly represented at all. It would have been preferable, it seems, to have excluded the Shackleton drawings in favour of a better representation for these northern argosies, since plenty of "northern types" find representation in the photographic divisions.

Of the contributors, it seems to this reviewer that the efforts of R. N. Hourde stand out equally well against those of Miss Bourke-White, and that Martin Bovey and L. A. Learmonth also deserve top quality ribbons.* D. B. Marsh's dog heads are excellent; C. G. Nickels' "Spring is on the Way" appeals as the best "still" life; T. Tadda's aurora studies are well balanced and interesting records of a difficult subject; Norman Ross's "Journey to Pangnirtung" is as fine a long shot as Dick Harrington's lynx close-up. The best colour shot (and there are several, including a gay cover) is that made, not at Aklavik nor on the icefields, but in Brigden's illustrative photo studio in Winnipeg—though a close look at it by an experienced cameraman reveals the argument that must have raged about the doll! Obviously it should be facing towards the window and the "prospect" outside; but then it wouldn't be recongizable to the camera! The doll doesn't fit the box, and there seems to be a good deal too much snow blown through the window from the outside; but it is a most appealing shot and only someone in the profession would take space to discuss it. Nonetheless it is in the handling of such small details as these, knowing when to take liberties with the visual truth in order to please the camera, that such fine pictures are produced.

To a reviewer whose profession is in photography *The New North in Pictures* is a good job, and Ryerson's were lucky indeed to have access to a set of such fine plates by master engravers, printed by top-flight print-

*Mr. Morant, several of whose pictures appear in this book, cannot put his own in this category. But the editor does.—ED.

ing craftsmen. One is apt to forget, in seeing a photographer's credit line beneath a picture, that the engraver and the printer are part of the team. Generally they receive all too little recognition for their pains. *The New North* is a good example of teamwork among the graphic artists—in this case both Winnipeg firms—Brigdens of Winnipeg Limited, and Saults & Pollard Limited.—*Nicholas Morant.*

MRS. MIKE, by Benedict and Nancy Freedman. Longmans, Green & Co., Toronto and New York, 1947. 312 pages.

Editorial Note:

This so-called true story of the North has had a short but amazing career. The ordinary reader would suppose that any book serialized by the *Atlantic Monthly*, chosen by the Literary Guild and digested by the *Reader's Digest* would have great merits. It may have—judged from the literary standpoint; but judged from the factual standpoint it evidently has no merit at all. The best review of it that we have seen was written by ex-Assistant-Commissioner C. D. La Nauze, R.C.M.P., now retired, who happens to have been stationed at Grouard, Alberta, at the same time as "Mrs. Mike" says she was there. This review is so good in fact that we have obtained permission from the writer and from the editor of the *R.C.M.P. Quarterly*, which first published it, to reprint it here; and by way of support we append a few remarks published in the *Alaska Highways News* of Fort St. John from another man who was on the spot. These together should serve to expose the true worth of these "reminiscences."

From the July 1947 issue of the R.C.M.P. Quarterly:

The poor old Mounted Police again are the target for another romance of the North. This time it is by a young couple who hew closely to the well-worn literary trail blazed by James Oliver Curwood *et al.* *Life* magazine tells us that the authors' regular job is to turn out gags for Red Skelton. This time the gags are for the Mounted Police; in fact, this reviewer gagged most of the way through the book.

Still, the story has been well received. It is a best seller—750,000 copies having been passed over the counter following its career as a serial in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and it hit the March 1947 selection of the Literary Guild. It is said to have everything—drama, pathos, humanity, courage. And, ladies of the Force, pull up your nylons; Mrs. Mike is on the way, coming to town on the screen.

The story opens in 1907 when Katherine Mary O'Fallon, a girl of 16, arrives at Calgary from Boston after a trip that is certainly no ad. for the C.P.R. She is at once wooed and wed by the dashing redcoat, Sgt. Michael Flannigan, who then carries her off by dog team to Hudson's Hope. Incidentally, Hudson's Hope is in British Columbia and the Force has never had a detachment there. However, they miraculously survive a forest fire here before being transferred to Grouard. This new post is reached after "weeks on the trail" during which a baby is born to the young couple. The first thing that meets their eyes at Grouard is a "gigantic cage made of saplings stuck in a circle in the ground and bent in on themselves"—Our jail, Mrs. Flannigan, the dream husband announces.

Well, this writer was stationed at Grouard during the period in question, and from there to Hudson's Hope was an easy five-day journey in those days. Sub-division headquarters for Lesser Slave Lake, Grouard was the principal settlement between Athabasca and Peace river. The guardroom consisted of two strong wooden cells inside the detachment building. Our sergeant was grizzled old George Adams—a famous teamster; our cook was Turkey McLeod—a special constable of '75 vintage. Both men were confirmed bachelors; in fact the Force was very much unmarried at that time.

Mrs. Mike acquires a Cree servant girl, O-Be-Joyful, whose boy friend, half-breed Jonathan Forquet, gets into trouble and is threatened by the sergeant with internment in the "cage." Eventually, after numerous pages of wolves, a boy killed by a bear, a bad Indian who steals from the trap lines of honest trappers (apparently the young writers couldn't resist spicing their romance here with this mad-trapper-from-Rat-River flavour), the lover spirits the young squaw off "to build her a tepee of willows and lie on balsam and furs." And all ends happily.

Oh yes, there's a devastating epidemic that kills nearly everybody, including Mrs. Mike's two children. After reading how our noble heroic pair really get down to work in this crucial period, one strangely hates to say that no such epidemic ever existed in or around Grouard. But that's the simple fact; the district was well served by Dr. Donald of the Indian Department and by the Sisters of Mercy.

The objectionable part of this literary trash is that it gives the impression of being true, while nothing in it even approaches the truth. If such a person as Mrs. Mike, who we are led to believe as a widow in her late fifties met the clever authors in California in 1945, ever told such a yarn, she certainly took her listeners in—and they in turn seem to have done likewise with countless readers. The book is wrongly named; its title should be "Mrs. Tripe."—*C. D. La Nauze.*

From the Alaska Highway News *of September 25, 1947:*

"There never was a Mounted Police detachment here [Hudson's Hope] at any time. The Mounties had a working party at one time with its base, that is, cache and stables and so on, at Fort St. John. They were endeavoring to cut a wagon road from Fort St. John to Telegraph Creek. They came out in the spring of 1907. One party came by raft from Fort St. John to Peace River Crossing, Alberta. The Peace River detachment was in charge of Sgt. Anderson and one constable at that time. Mrs. Anderson and the two children were there too. And that was the last and furthest police post from Edmonton in 1907. The others were at Athabasca Landing, which was the end of steel, and at Lesser Slave Lake, which is now Grouard. . . .

"The only part of the book which seems authentic is about a halfbreed murdering another halfbreed, or trying to, over a breed girl in the Catholic Mission at Slave Lake. The big bush fire Mrs. Mike describes as happening here, and the Indians standing in the River up to their necks, never happened either."—*R. Shaw.*

Men in the Company's service at Hudson's Hope and Fort St. John also point out that Taylor Flats did not receive its name until 1916, when Herbert Taylor, manager of Hudson's Hope post, retired and homesteaded there; and that when "Mrs. Mike" implies that dogs are driven with reins from a cutter it gives some idea of how familiar she is—or her gag-writers are—with the North.

CANADIAN SPRING by Florence Page Jaques, illustrated by Francis Lee Jaques. Harper & Bros., New York and London, and Musson Book Co., Toronto, 1947. 216 pages.

BOTH author and artist of this delightful work are blest with gifted pens. Mrs. Jaques' writings, while packed with information, are also full of charm and gaiety and wit. Mr. Jaques' numerous black-and-white drawings, whether of birds, animals, scenery, or even railway tracks, are done with brilliant artistry.

As the maps on the end papers so clearly show, they started on their Canadian spring journey in Winnipeg, spent some weeks at Delta on Lake Manitoba, watching the newly arrived waterfowl, visited Riding Mountain National Park, and then headed across the prairies via Regina, Medicine Hat, and Waterton Lakes National Park to the Rockies. From Jasper they drove back to Edmonton, then up to Dawson Creek and the Peace River, Hudson's Hope being their farthest west. They returned by way of Saskatoon to Delta, and so home to the States.

Wildlife is the first love of both artist and author, and it occupies the greater part of the book. They knew where to look for it, and it is amazing how much of it they saw. Mr. Jaques has been described as "the best bird-portraitist working in America to-day," but he seems equally at home among animals. Mrs. Jaques shares his enthusiasm, and easily induces the reader to share it too. Her descriptions are as illuminating in their own way as his pictures. Here are some samples:

The ruddy duck (her "hero"): "One fortunate ruddy had two hens in tow, and was filled with an unholy pride. He blew himself up until he nearly burst; his head jerked back and forth and up and down till we expected it to fly off by itself; his tail was proud as a peacock's, if not as long; and as he gave his stifled croon, even the feathers on his back bounced vigorously."

The wapiti: "Five bulls were in pale grass; against the dark sky, in the mist and the rain, they were superb. When one caught sight of us he drew his head back in a slow arch with his nose raised, and the sweeping gesture was one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. In that movement he resumed his lost sovereignty."

Crossing Saskatchewan: "In the immense circle of land, tiny details became important—the snow fences, the haystacks, the occasional windmills. Over the bleached stubble the men, the six-horse teams, and the tractors looked like the smallest toys, and a faroff train was too diminutive even to be played with."

"The May wind shook out the flowers of the golden pea, creamy birdfoot, and wild candytuft. We heard a horned lark sing, and in a pasque flower cup I found a small bee curled, fast asleep. During working hours, too . . . . He looked as irreproachable as a baby asleep with its fists above its head. In such spacious landscapes, any bit of life makes a profound impression, and I remember that bee as vividly as I do the Riding Mountain elk or the Delta swans."

"I was awakened by an eagle's scream. I sat bolt upright, to see two golden eagles, high above the forests, come together with outstretched talons. They grappled and fell through the airy heights, whirling round and round with their sweeping wings outspread, spinning down the blue abyss."

There is much more like this, until the last page is reached. Then one closes the book reluctantly, as if a very delightful holiday had come to an end. . . . But for Florence and Lee Jaques, how pleasant it must be, of a winter's evening, to relive in fancy those spring adventures—he through her lively writings, she through his vivid pictures.—*C. W.*

Mountain sheep. One of the numerous drawings by Francis Lee Jaques for "Canadian Spring."

RAW NORTH by Charles Gillham. Copp Clark Limited, Toronto, and A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, 1947.

THIS is a travel book by a man who is well known down the Mackenzie and along the Arctic Coast. Charlie Gillham has been a frequent visitor down north, and he loves life in the raw. In this book he rips open and lays bare what the casual tourist does not see. The book does not deal entirely with this side of life, however, for Charlie Gillham is a keen observer of wild life as well as "raw" life.

The book starts with an introduction by Frank Dufresne of the Fish and Wildlife Service, Washington, D.C. He describes the author as a three sided character: the roughneck, at home anywhere in the northern wilderness; the country squire and indulgent parent; and the ardent conservationist, fighting hard at the council tables for the wild life he loves. Then Gillham introduces himself in a manner so typical of the man—clever, witty and devil-may-care.

The story begins with a flight down north from Edmonton. All the settlements and characters down river are commented on, not all in a flattering manner by any means, but he never fails to recognize the fine points of character in the people he meets. Winging northward, the plane enters territory that is quite familiar to the author—the Mackenzie Delta. His observations on the natives and white "characters" are pungent and he does not spare his punches nor his language.

He fumbles a bit when recounting a yarn of the visit of the late Lord Tweedsmuir to Tuktoyaktuk. His excellency travelled from Aklavik to Tuktuk unaccompanied, but the author supplies a bit of colour about long booted aides waiting on his lordship while he yarns with Dan McLeod in a tent. Eventually the Governor-General and Dan discover that they both hail from the Isle of Wight! I would recommend Mr. Gillham to read some of John Buchan's stories, and to listen to the soft purr of Dan's voice that betrays the Gaelic.

Similarly there is a bit of confusion when the official Hudson's Bay Company party, comprising Governor Cooper and several Canadian officials, pays an inspection visit to the northern posts. Evidently hell-for-leather characters rate a much higher priority and interest Charlie a great deal more.

Heading south again, the author travels by Norman to Bear Lake and on to Coppermine, Victoria Island and Perry River. Apparently his studies had set him on the right track of that nobbly-nosed bird, the Ross's Goose, for it was near Perry River that Angus Gavin, a year later, discovered its nesting grounds.

A chapter on the more primitive type of Eskimo shows that the author was a keen observer; in fact he has woven a yarn about them that is well constructed and makes excellent reading. His tribute to the bush pilots is worthy; they have given and continue to give the North a great service.

Although making no direct comparison between the Canadian and American administration of Arctic affairs, one gathers that the author has little use for a system that crams and educates but fails to provide the necessities of life when they are badly needed. In one part of the book he uses the expression, "frugal Canadians," which well sums up the difference between the two administrations. He might have used the expression, "long-headed Canadians," for the manner in which he congratulates the Government on their handling of the Kittagazuit Reindeer Herd is generous and sincere. And there is a very well informed chapter on game animals that reveals the real Charlie Gillham, the man who pleads the case for wild life and sternly warns of the consequences of overhunting any territory.—*A. D. Copland.*

CACHE LAKE COUNTRY, by John J. Rowlands; illustrated by Henry B. Kane. W. W. Norton & Co. Inc., New York, and Geo. J. McLeod & Co. Ltd., Toronto, 1947.

THIS book on life in the north woods is built upon that time-honoured structural frame of the months of the year, and written with sensitive appreciation of the moods of nature in each of them. To the outdoor man, all weather is good, however rugged, and his moods reflect those of nature. One can put this very dryly and say temperature, humidity, barometric pressure and wind velocity, all of them objective phenomena, produce subjective effects. Or, if one knows how, as John J. Rowlands certainly does, one can enjoy the pageant of the changing seasons, with all their weathers, so keenly that, in writing of it in happy phrase, one makes the reader enjoy it too.

From the point of view of literary achievement, the best things in the book arise from its month-by-month structure. "It is not spring yet, not by three feet of snow and a lake full of ice." That is more vivid than saying that spring might be here in two or perhaps four weeks. Of a spring-thaw streamlet, after describing it as "running under the matted needles like a frightened little critter," and as talking "out loud to itself as it snakes through the moss and stones," he says: "Then free at least from the thongs of winter, it hustles on down the hill to the lake." Now that is very good writing!

The book is permeated from beginning to end by the benign presence of the old Indian chief Isbeach, who, like all the Indians I have gone in the woods with, is part of the natural scene and not an intruder as all of us white men feel ourselves to be. Of him the writer remarks at one point: "But in a minute a faraway look came into his grey eyes. You felt he was looking back out of time."

The months and seasons, the weather, the woods, the waters and the old chief are the backdrop of the scene, so to speak. The action comprises some good yarns by way of comedy, accounts of journeyings, the ways of the animals, and descriptions of all the hundred and one articles of the gear and the gadgets necessary to comfort in the woods, with instructions on how to make them, Indian-fashion, out of the things at hand. The "Woodcraft Index" lists them and, by way of rubric, the wide margins of the pages are sprinkled with charming drawings of the things. This apparatus of a simple life is described in clear, cold-blooded fashion, as is proper. Emotion only peeps out here and there with reference to the good things one cooks in the woods.

Of Henry B. Kane's illustrations the first thing to say is that they admirably round out both the letter and the spirit of the text. The full page designs are replete with charm, and many of them are powerful in composition as well as deft in draftsmanship, notably those facing pages 19, 59, 139, 181 and 207, which is used also on the dust cover.

I venture to point out a few matters in which the author's method is, no doubt, "a very good way too," but which we feel differently about in the east. Cache Lake seems to be somewhere in northeastern Manitoba or northwestern Ontario, and my woodsmanship is that of Quebec and Nova Scotia. The author's mentor was a Cree. Mine have been Micmacs, Iroquois, French-Canadians and a Scot. There is a discount in the author's favour insofar as he must have spent about twenty years in the woods, whereas I have averaged four weeks for forty years; say three and a half years. But Tommy Drummond, the Scot, had spent fifty-five years prospecting in Canada from sea to sea, and he considered me an apt pupil.

On page 39 there is a reference to fish feeding under the ice. My scientific friends tell me they can't because in water of low temperature their digestive chemistry goes out of commission. The small crustaceans, however do feed in very cold water. The author writes of tempering with heavy oil. "Water-white" seal-oil which is very finely divided is considered the best in Nova Scotia, bear-oil is good too. Facing page 123, there is a good working drawing for cutting a paddle. The blade, however, is far wider than an eastern woodsman would like. It is quite usual to trim down a shop-made paddle blade to four and a half inches in width, or even less. Then facing page 132 there are drawings to illustrate the shouldering of a canoe. In the east one almost kneels on one knee facing the stern and grabs the canoe by the gunwales just beyond its centre and, ducking under it while turning round to face the bow, one stands up with the canoe on one's head.

On pages 159 and 166 the artist is at fault, I think; for with the tump on one's forehead as shown, the result would be a very sore neck.

In conclusion I would revert to what I began with—the author's insight and art in describing nature—so I quote from page 111: "And so it was I came to think of spring and autumn as two great tides rising and ebbing, one bright northern green, and the other a crimson and gold flood that begins to flow towards the south when the clear crisp nights of late September give the signal to start." That's a fine example of what can be done with simple words; there's only one of three syllables, "September" and only seven of two syllables in fifty words: English at its best!—*P. E. Nobbs.*

Christmas Message

From the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company

ON this two hundred and seventy-eighth Christmas to be celebrated by the men and women of our Company, I extend to the people of the northland and to our readers my warmest greetings. May the spirit of goodwill reign in the hearts of all men in the coming year.

HUDSON'S BAY
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Beauty for a Lifetime

In the most charming bedroom, or in the rugged out-of-doors, Hudson's bay "Point" Blankets are equally at home. They conform to only one standard of quality—the finest.

Woven in soft pastel tones, as well as in the bold standard colours, these fine blankets offer you a lifetime of beauty and sleeping comfort.

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